# The Outlook

Vol. 63 December 23, 1899 No. 17

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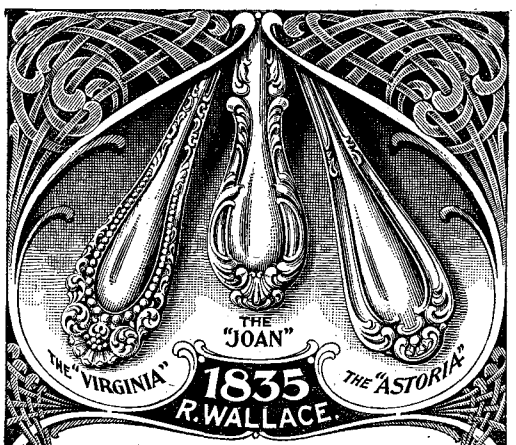


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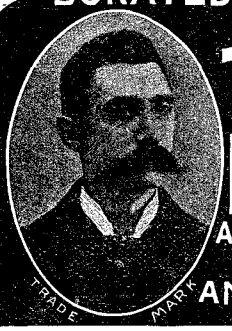


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# The Outlook

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**The Boer War: The Battle of Stormberg**

The century has not shown a darker week in British military history than was the last. During the seven days the British army sustained three cumulative defeats, one in Cape Colony, one on the Bechuanaland border, and one in Natal. The commanders were, respectively, General Gatacre, General Methuen, and General Buller himself, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in South Africa. In every case the British were not only outfought but also outmaneuvered, and in every case the British exhibited the same fault—a fatal lack in scouting. The result of the three defeats was the loss of several thousand men and nearly a score of guns; the growth of doubt in the skill of the British army leaders, in whom formerly unquestioning confidence prevailed; the retirement from bravely won outposts; and, last but not least, the spreading of disaffection in British Africa, and the heightened fear of it in British India. We have already reported the British defeat at Stormberg in Cape Colony, but the alarming circumstance is only now disclosed that the first commando to open fire on the British there was composed entirely of Cape Colony Dutch. This helps to explain the fact that, while the British have more men in South Africa than the entire arms-bearing population of the two republics, the Boers appear to outnumber their enemy whenever there is a battle.

❀

**The Battle of Magersfontein**

The second defeat was at Magersfontein, a few miles north of the Modder River and a few miles west of the Orange Free State on the Bechuana frontier. As a protection against bayonet charges barbed wire was used by the Boers, and with terrible effect. The deadly fire from their intrenchments reached first the British officers who were leading their men. The total casualties were about a thousand. A large proportion of the killed were officers. Some hold that only such an early crippling of the British forces prevented the capture of the Boer position. As Lord Methuen has been the one prominent general intimately acquainted with Boer methods, his defeat is all the more humiliating. He saw his Highlanders, in close formation, caught within two hundred yards of Boer trenches the existence of which they did not know—so faulty was the scouting. The Highlanders had not even fixed bayonets; their loss amounted to three-fourths of the whole, and their noble commander, General Wauchope, was one of the first to fall. He will be succeeded by a leader as accomplished as himself, General Macdonald, whose splendid defeat of the Dervishes' flank attack at Omdurman last year turned a critical situation into a victory. Another prominent loss was Major the Marquis of Winchester, a gallant soldier who had distinguished himself in Egypt. The famous Black Watch Regiment was decimated, rank and file. Decisive as was Lord Methuen's defeat, it should not be forgotten that his fifty-mile march towards Kimberley, marked by his three victories of Belmont, Graspan, and Modder River, was not only by far the most brilliant feat of British arms so far during the present campaign, but was worthy of the best traditions of the British army. After the battle at Magersfontein an informal arrangement was made under a flag of truce by which firing on both sides should cease during the collection of the wounded. So marked was the Boer aid to the British in searching the field that Lord Methuen sent a letter to General Cronje, the Boer commander,



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thanking him for such signal courtesy. The British forces have now retired to their fortified camp at Modder River, which is believed to form an excellent base.

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**The Battle of Colenso**

Later in the week the same excuse which had been made for the most brilliant Indian fighter and for the most brilliant African fighter was forced to do duty again, this time for the Commander-in-Chief himself. Even he had not made adequate provisions for ascertaining whether the way was clear and safe for British guns. He adopted a direct frontal attack instead of more deliberate maneuvering. The repulse was immediate and crushing. At one stroke the Boers captured eleven British guns—more than Wellington left in Napoleon's hands during all the Peninsular War—and as many hundred of the British were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners—the largest number so far at any one engagement. When the day was half spent, General Buller prudently ordered his battalions to retire to their camp, though they were eager to continue the fight for the recovery of the guns. He thus saved a useless sacrifice of life. Praiseworthy as this was, it is none the less incomprehensible that the British, after defeats in every battle in 1880–81, should not have been better prepared in three things: (1) They should have protected their raw troops by the most approved scouting tactics. (2) Their artillery inferiority is surprising, as, from its agents at Pretoria and elsewhere, the London Government has long been in possession of ample information relative to Boer military equipment. (3) In the use of these guns the British had reason to expect practically as much superiority to their own handling as was shown nineteen years ago. If Boer superiority in these three particulars has not been evident to the British, it has been so to the German and other agents at Pretoria, who warned Great Britain, when the war broke out, to be prepared in these departments. The British made the mistake of underrating their foes. The present lesson, therefore, may be a timely one to the nation as a whole. Not only its soldiers, the nation itself has been caught in an ambuscade.

**British Calmness and Determination**

In 1793, referring to the Anglo-French outbreak, William Pitt said: "This will be a short war, and will certainly end in one or two campaigns." The war lasted twenty-two years. If the most brilliant of Premiers was at fault, it is perhaps natural that an English statesman of to-day should err in predicting a "three weeks' campaign in South Africa," and that General Buller should have expected to eat his Christmas dinner at Pretoria. In point of fact, during the past ten weeks the British have lost seventy-seven hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. President Kruger has made good his threat: "I will make Great Britain pay for the Boer States a price that will stagger humanity." Never has popular feeling in England been more chastened. One paper goes so far as to say that Great Britain stands where she stood over a century ago, "when the American colonists, men of British and Dutch blood, were in arms." While there is an undercurrent of intense indignation against the War Office, and also in many quarters against the Cabinet, the calmness with which the British have met blow after blow challenges the admiration even of the French. This calmness, and a characteristically British unflinching determination, not only to retrieve South African blunders, but also to maintain Imperial unity, has never been more impressively shown than now. As a Radical paper says: "The stake the gambler Chamberlain has thrown on the table is not merely South Africa, but the Empire. It is too late to regret the game. We have no choice but to play it, even if it involves sending abroad the militia. Our armies in South Africa must be amply reinforced." The conservatively inclined London "Times" adds that neither the Crimean War nor the Indian Mutiny was so perilous to the Empire.

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**Lords Roberts and Kitchener**

It is not surprising, then, that the official organ of the Government demands the immediate calling out of all the volunteers. The Cabinet itself has done an act of highest and wisest patriotism in replacing General Buller as Commander-in-Chief by Field-Marshal Lord

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Roberts, and by sending Lord Kitchener as his Chief-of-Staff. On the very day when Lord Roberts's appointment was made his only son succumbed to injuries received at Colenso. During the past four years Lieutenant Roberts had been his father's aide-de-camp. He had served in India and Egypt. At Colenso he displayed such gallantry in trying to rescue the captured guns that he was recommended for that most coveted of all British military distinctions, the Victoria Cross. Deep sympathy is everywhere felt for the brave and able commander, whose "Forty-one Years in India" is as instructive and inspiring a soldier's story as has been published in recent years. There is hardly a finer feat of British arms than Lord Roberts's forced march to Kandahar. Though Lord Kitchener's name has not yet all the magic which attaches to that of his senior—whom Mr. Kipling loves to call "Bobs, Fighting Bobs"—yet the marvelously planned and executed Omdurman campaign has given to Lord Kitchener a reputation which only increases as one studies more intimately the events of 1897–8. The Cabinet has also called in the remaining reserves for further reinforcements, and will send out additional divisions with all possible despatch, so that Lord Roberts will ultimately command a hundred and eighty thousand men. The War Office is now recruiting from the Volunteer Force, a body corresponding to our National Guard. Battalions of militia have replaced the garrisons of Malta and of the Channel Islands. Additional contingents from Canada and Australia have been offered and accepted.

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**The New Governor-General of Cuba**

The appointment of General Wood as Governor-General of Cuba has been recognized by the whole country not merely as the best that could be made, but as the only one that met the situation. For General Wood has not only experience and training; he has precisely that particular training which fits him almost ideally to do now on a large scale what he has already done admirably in a smaller way—to deal with the island of Cuba as he has dealt with the province of Santiago. There are other army officers of equal integrity, energy, and executive capacity; there is none who has had in so full a degree experience in Cuban government. "La Lucha," a Havana paper, points out that in Santiago General Wood "ruled the most difficult people in Cuba, pacifying and calming them," and "Patria" reinforces this by saying that he respected the rights of the people, and that, although the most high-spirited part of the Cubans were in the eastern provinces, he ruled without hurting their susceptibilities. As long ago as last March Mr. Kennan, in a special letter to The Outlook, showed that it was absolutely imperative that the methods followed in Santiago should be adopted over all Cuba; and we then said, referring to rumors that the appointment of General Wood now made was then probable: "That it would result in better administration, better feeling, and a better condition of affairs generally, there can be little doubt. It would necessitate the promotion of General Wood over the heads of a number of major-generals of volunteers whose commissions antedate his, and would, therefore, give rise to a feeling of dissatisfaction in the small circle of officers of this grade; but what is our main object in holding and governing Cuba? Is it to please half a dozen or a dozen major-generals of volunteers, or is it to give the island of Cuba good government, restore its prosperity, and bring it as speedily as possible into process of peaceful and orderly development?" Events have confirmed this judgment, and the verdict of the press and people is that no stronger appointment has been made by the present Administration.

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**Shall They be Territories?**

We publish Dr. Carroll's paper on the government of our new territories without indorsing it. There appear to us serious objections to his plan when applied to Porto Rico, and conclusive objections to it when applied to the Philippines. These objections are two: first, that making these islands Territories brings them under the provisions of our Constitution, and will involve us in serious if not inextricable difficulties—as in our tariff legislation; second, that making them Territories will be taken to imply that

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they are eventually to become States, and take a share in the government of the Nation. In our judgment, our new departure necessitates the organization of a Colonial system, analogous to that of Great Britain; but we are glad to give place to an able presentation of the other view by one who has made a not inconsiderable study of the subject.

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**In the Philippines**

The pursuit of the broken bands of insurgents in northern Luzon continues. Captured leaders of the Filipinos assert that the disbanding of their forces into small bodies is strategy, and that the insurgents can again be brought together in larger force whenever advisable; they do not, however, say what they expect to accomplish with an army which disappears when the enemy approaches and comes together only when there is no danger of serious fighting. General Otis, on the other hand, believes that the military power of Aguinaldo is absolutely and finally destroyed, and that the insurgents south of Manila can easily be dealt with later on. No certainty exists as to Aguinaldo's present whereabouts. Major March, who had been pressing the pursuit of Aguinaldo, has abandoned it after reaching Bagnen, in the heart of the Grand Cordillera, where the range is ten thousand feet high, and food is scarce and travel almost impossible. All of General Young's soldiers, who have been scouring the country in several detachments, have suffered much from lack of shoes and the natural hardships of making their way through wild and unknown regions with hardly any supplies—one stream, for instance, had to be forded twelve times in the course of a mile. The Ilocos region is rich compared with the mountain regions where Major March has been; of the Ilocos country one despatch says: "The people are prosperous, intelligent, and more than half-civilized. They have excellent houses, and carry on flourishing industries. Many of them are evidently rich. Several towns received the troops with bands and the ringing of church bells. Cattle were killed and houses were opened to the troops." One of the most important events of last week was the capture of Mabini, who, though old and paralytic, is generally considered the ablest of the insurgents intellectually, and more than any one man "the brains of the revolution." Another was the formal surrender at Aparri to Captain McCalla, of the Newark, of the entire Province of Cagayan. Our troops also have now established a post on the extreme north coast of Luzon at Aparri, reached by Major Batchelder's detachment after an extremely daring march straight north through the island. Captain McCalla was sent around the coast to Aparri to meet and aid Major Batchelder, and they have thus now successfully joined forces. Thus, with Captain McCalla and Major Batchelder at Aparri in the Cagayan Province, commanding the great Rio Grande valley, with General MacArthur in the eastern central Isabella Province, and with General Young's various columns in the western and central parts of the island, practically our forces hold or can easily reach all of Luzon north of Manila. The towns about Subig Bay have been occupied by General Grant's command. On December 12 General Otis made the welcome announcement that some of the Philippine ports would soon be opened for trade.

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**Congress: The Boer and Philippine Resolutions**

Apart from the financial debate, the most interesting discussion last week was that of Senator Mason's resolution expressing sympathy with the Boers in their war with Great Britain. The text of this resolution was shrewdly taken from the Republican platform in 1896, substituting only the words "South African Republic" for "Cuban patriots." It read as follows:

*Whereas*, From the hour of achieving their own independence, the people of the United States have regarded with sympathy the struggles of other peoples to free themselves from European domination, *Resolved*, That we watch with deep and abiding interest the heroic battle of the South African Republic against cruelty and oppression, and our best hopes go out for the full success of their determined contest for liberty.

In advocating this resolution Senator Mason recalled the attitude of Congress toward Greece and Armenia, quoting Webster's words about the effectiveness of purely moral support, and urged that the pending declaration was not against

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the England of Chatham and Gladstone, which sympathized with the struggle for independence the world around, but merely against the England of Lord North and Chamberlain, which stood for British arrogance and greed. Senator Lodge urged in reply that, whatever our private sympathies may be, "there is a wide gulf fixed between private sympathy and public action." "The action of the Senate," he continued, "would constitute public action. . . . During our own war with Spain we were extremely desirous of, and we expected, strict neutrality from the other nations of the earth. That neutrality we received, and in the case of at least one of the parties in the present war it was very friendly neutrality. . . . The executive department has assumed an attitude of strict neutrality. . . . If we should pass such a resolution as this, we should immediately change the attitude of the country." Senator Lodge merely demanded that any action taken should be deliberate. Without division, Senator Mason's resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Senator Pettigrew's resolutions calling for official information respecting the reported saluting of the Philippine flag by our forces in Subig Bay was tabled in the Senate by the decisive vote of 41 to 20. Senator Hoar was the only Republican who voted in its favor, while several Fusionists voted against it. A pro-Boer resolution similar to that of Senator Mason has been introduced into the House by Mr. Jett (Democrat), of Illinois, and a Philippine resolution has been introduced into the same body by Mr. Williams, of Mississippi, pledging the Philippine Islands their independence upon the restoration of peace in those islands, the establishment of a constitutional government there, and the repayment of the $20,000,000 advanced by us to Spain. The Williams resolution also offers the Philippines a protectorate for ten years if their foreign relations are placed in our keeping. Neither of these resolutions has yet been discussed.

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**Congress: The Financial Debate**

The setting apart of a single week in the House for the discussion of the Currency Bill adopted by the Republican caucus compelled nearly all who participated to confine their remarks to the more general features of the bill. Even the important provisions for redeeming the greenbacks and increasing the privileges of National banks received relatively little attention. Nearly every speaker felt called upon to attack or defend the formal adoption of the gold standard, and as a result the debate was not a satisfactory discussion of the far-reaching measure pending. On the Republican side the speech which commanded the most attention was that made by Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa, who stated frankly his former belief in the coinage of both gold and silver, but declared that all his misgivings about the gold standard had been removed by the experiences of the last three years. With a great deal of wit, Mr. Dolliver ridiculed the Democratic predictions made in the campaign of '96 that business ruin would follow the continued exclusion of silver from the currency. Mr. De Armond, of Missouri, made the most effective reply, twitting the Republicans for claiming the credit for the increased production of gold, and urging that the good effects of this increase demonstrated the Democratic claim that the scarcity of money was at the bottom of the hard times. There was less interest, however, in the financial arguments made than in the indications given as to party sentiment in various sections. The Democrats charged the Western Republicans with voting against the known wishes of their constituencies; but the Western Republicans to a man gave their votes for the bill. Among the Democrats, on the other hand, there were serious defections in the East. On the final vote eleven of these—eight from New York, and one each from Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts—supported the Republican measure, while still others, including Mr. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, expressed their opposition to free coinage at the old ratio. The vote stood 190 to 150.

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**Shall Railroads be Allowed to Pool?**

Senator Cullom, who, as our readers will remember, is the author of the Inter-State Commerce Bill, and to whose patient and persistent efforts its final passage is largely due, has now introduced into the Senate a bill to authorize rail-

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road pooling, subject to the control of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The details of this bill are not before us, but its general purpose seems to us wise. There are two methods of securing reasonable rates to the public over the roads: competition, and Government control. According to the first method, the Government encourages the building of as many railroads as possible, trusting that competition between different roads will keep rates for passenger traffic and freight carriage reasonable, and accommodations for both adequate. Nowhere, perhaps, has this method been given a fairer trial than in New York State, where any body of men may organize a railroad corporation under a general law, and proceed to build a railroad without a special charter. That this method has done much to bring freight and passenger rates down to a low figure is undoubtedly true, but it has also produced railway wars and shifting rates, and has not prevented discrimination between shippers. Moreover, the law which was first enunciated, we believe, by Stephenson, the father of railroads, has always sooner or later operated, namely, "Where combination is possible, competition is impossible." The railroads have combined, as, for example, in the purchase of the West Shore Railroad by the New York Central; and where the law has attempted to prevent combination, it has been practically accomplished by secret agreements. The other method is that which Senator Cullom, as we understand it, proposes. This is to allow the railroads to combine by dividing the traffic between them as they may think just and right, but to require all their freight rates to be subjected to a Governmental Commission which will have power to approve, reject, or modify. The law itself is not before us; our comments are based on a newspaper summary of its provisions; we are not sure how full are the powers proposed to be conferred on the Commission; but we are sure that they should be mandatory and enforceable by legal process, not merely power to recommend. The rates must by *controlled* either by competition or by Government. The law also prohibits, as it should, discrimination between shippers, and provides heavy penalties for any violation of its provisions. The objection to this method is, of course, that the railroads having great interests at stake will by corrupt methods secure the appointment of subservient Railroad Commissioners. The adequate answer to this appears to us to be that, if the people fail to secure honest and incorruptible servants, they must suffer the consequences until sufficient public interest is aroused to make them do their duty at the primaries and at the polls. We believe that the existence of an Inter-State Commission with judicial powers, while it will not prevent all injustice and oppression, sometimes by popular clamor against the railroads, sometimes by corrupt wealth against the people, will furnish a much better safeguard of public interests than the attempt to maintain competition; and while it may not in all cases lower the rates as much as they should be lowered, compensation will be found in the fact that it will measurably secure, what competition does not secure at all, stability and uniformity of rates.

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**The Massachusetts Elections**

The remaining city elections in Massachusetts which took place last week developed no more Socialist strongholds, and the respective gains and losses of the two great parties were in no case significant. What was significant, however, was the amount of non-partisan voting in all these elections. The absence of State and National issues made it easy for the voter to choose between candidates according to their personal instead of their party principles. In some cities non-partisan candidates were elected, and in one city—Chicopee—the Democratic Mayor, who was beaten at his party primaries by the saloon influence, was re-elected as an independent against the regular candidates of the two old parties. The most important election, however, was that in Boston, where the Democratic candidate for Mayor was beaten by a Democratic defection merely because he had the support of the "board of strategy," as the local Democratic machine has come to be called. In the Boston election there was a popular referendum on the question whether the street-car tracks should be relaid on Tremont Street, or should be kept within the subway. The street-car company was anxious to regain the privilege of occupying

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the crowded street, and the supposed uncertainty of the result caused a tremendous vote to be polled. The count showed a majority of about twenty-five thousand against permitting the railroad to return to the street, and the friends of subways, not only in Boston but elsewhere, are able to rejoice in an overwhelming popular verdict in favor of underground rapid transit and the freedom of the streets to pedestrians.

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**Municipal Ownership of Municipal Water** The Comptroller of New York City, Mr. Bird S. Coler, has made a significant speech before the City Club—significant because in it he so vigorously advocates municipal ownership of municipal industries, including the water system, the dock system, and the underground railway. For this purpose he believes that the limit put by the Constitution upon the power of the city to incur debts should be modified so that debts incurred for public benefits that yield a revenue should be separated from those incurred for the general welfare, and that a debt that will not be a charge upon the taxpayer should not be included in those charged against the borrowing capacity of the city. He points out the fact that the docks and the water system both constitute a paying investment, the income from them being such that, after paying the interest on the bonds issued to acquire the plant, there remains a substantial profit over the cost of maintenance, which can be applied to the payment of the debt incurred in the construction or purchase of the plant. This principle is even more applicable in the case of the underground railroad, for this railroad is to be built by private capital raised upon bonds issued by the city, under an arrangement which secures the annual payment of the interest by the corporation which builds the road, and in addition a further payment such that the city will own the entire property, free of debt, at the end of fifty years, while not one dollar of principal or interest will have come out of the pockets of the taxpayers. It appears to us that Mr. Coler is absolutely right in this matter, and that, while caution should be exercised to prevent hazardous undertakings of a speculative nature by the municipality, the people should not be prevented from doing for themselves whatever they can do cheaper and better than they can hire done for them by private enterprise. The indications are that there are strong forces at work in the municipal government to prevent the municipal ownership of public works. But the people of the city have voted by an overwhelming majority to own the underground railroad. If the municipal authorities continue to obstruct the will of the people, the cause of home rule itself demands that the Legislature should interfere and take away from the municipal authorities the power any longer to prevent the people of the city from doing what they have voted they desire to do. The people have a right to look to a Republican Legislature to secure for them those democratic rights which a Democratic municipal administration seems inclined to deny to them.

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**The German Navy** Last week, in introducing into the German Parliament the Emperor's pet proposal for an increase of the navy, the venerable Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor, contented himself with saying that the present navy was insufficient and that estimates for doubling the present number of warships would be submitted. He left the statement of reasons to Count von Bülow, the Foreign Secretary. One of the latter's reasons reads as follows:

> In the presence of a Greater Britain and a Nouvelle France, we have claims to a Greater Germany, not in the sense of conquest, but in the sense of a peaceful extension of our trade and points of support. . . . We must be secured against surprise, not only on land but at sea. We must create and possess a fleet strong enough to exclude attack by any power; and I emphasize attack, for in the absolute peacefulness of our policy it can never be other than a question of defense. German foreign policy is neither covetous, restless, nor fanciful. The fancifulness of our plans is the invention of the foreign press, and not sanctioned by the German press or officially. Like all nations with maritime interests, we are compelled by necessity to have coal supplies and obtain naval bases. This manifested itself in the Hispano-American war, which taught us many striking lessons. . . . In the coming century the German people must be either the hammer or the anvil.

After Baron von Thielmann, Secretary of the Treasury, had described the financial position of the Empire as favorable to

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the new enterprise, the opponents of the measure had their turn. Dr. Lieber, the leader of the Centrists (the Roman Catholic group, and the most important in the Reichstag because holding the balance of power), declared that both past and future events would prove the Kaiser to have been mistaken in his Hamburg speech, when he claimed that during the first eight years of his reign the Reichstag had persistently refused to increase the navy. Such a remark from a subject about the Emperor is almost unparalleled in the annals of the German Parliament. The instance was immediately strengthened when Count von Ballestrem, President of the Reichstag, ruled, even against the Imperial Chancellor, that members could not be debarred from discussing the Kaiser's speeches in a decorous manner, and that, in his opinion, Dr. Lieber had complied with this condition. As, some time since, the Emperor had banished Count von Ballestrem from Court, the event is looked upon as having a personal motive, but it is none the less significant as marking a beginning of greater parliamentary and democratic freedom in Germany. The Naval Bill may thus ultimately detract more from the Kaiser's power than it adds to it. Herr Richter, the Radical leader, insinuated that the Bundesrath was reduced to the position of a body of men whose sole purpose is to register the monarch's will. He demanded a ministry responsible to the legislative body, not to the executive head. Of the Transvaal situation, Herr Richter said:

> While the sympathies of Germany are with the Boers, the Government must and is remaining neutral. That is great progress, compared with the unfortunate telegram of some years ago. The war has proved that Great Britain's power has been much overrated. Germany will not again become an anvil, but neither is it her business to be a hammer.

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**A Financial Flurry** On Monday of this week the New York City stock and bond market witnessed a condition the like of which had not occurred for fifteen years. The rates for call money advanced to one-half per cent. per day (in addition to the legal six per cent.), or one hundred and eighty-six per cent. per year. Such a standard stock as New York Central, for instance, fell seven points. The railway bond market sympathized to a certain extent with the flurry in stocks, but the quotations for United States, State, and municipal bonds were not as much affected as was expected. The great feature of the day was the downfall of the weaker "Industrial" securities, but that was largely discounted in advance. The causes of the disturbance were, first, the unparalleled week of disaster to British arms, involving as it does the doubling of war expenditures, and the consequent necessity for the wherewithal to pay such an enormous drain. Whenever such a state of things arises in Europe, there is a rush to sell American securities. This, in turn, tends to lessen the quotations for such securities at home. Another reason for the disturbance is found in the tightness of the money market. Every year at this time a vast amount of money must be used for the moving of crops, and conditions this year have involved a greater withdrawal than usual from Eastern banks. The market has been eased by the offers of the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase bonds, to anticipate the January interest payments, and to increase the number of depositary banks.

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**The McGiffert Case** Three methods of dealing with the case of Professor McGiffert are made to the New York Presbytery, which is considering them as we are going to press: (1) Professor Francis Brown, a fellow-instructor with Dr. McGiffert in Union Theological Seminary, repeats his recommendation to the General Assembly last May that the whole case be dropped. (2) Dr. Henry van Dyke and Dr. Howard Johnston interpret Dr. McGiffert's book as teaching certain things respecting the origin of the Lord's Supper, the authorship of the Third and Fourth Gospels and of the Book of Acts, and the teaching of Christ respecting himself, which they regard as inconsistent with Scripture: they believe that "neither the interests of the peace of the Church nor the protection of the purity of its doctrine call for any further action at the present time, but that a trial for heresy would work grave injury to the interests of Christ's kingdom." (3) The Presbyterial Committee, of which the Rev. Dr. R. F. Sample is Chairman, reaffirms the Assembly's

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position on the four cardinal doctrines covered in this particular case. Unable to induce Professor McGiffert to withdraw from the Presbyterian communion, it recommends that the matter be referred back to the General Assembly. Whether Professor McGiffert rejects only one of the four cardinal doctrines reaffirmed by Dr. Sample's committee—the inerrancy of the Scriptures—or whether he rejects three or all of them is a matter of dispute, as Professor McGiffert declines to talk at this time. His opponents declare that he declines to accept the unanimous voice of the highest Presbyterian judiciary, and that therefore his position is ecclesiastically, as it is logically, untenable—they even go further and declare it to be ethically untenable. To the claim of Dr. McGiffert's friends that the Assembly referred the whole matter to the Presbytery of New York "without instruction" for "final settlement," his opponents reply that the Assembly directed the New York Presbytery, as it directed all Presbyteries, "to defend and protect the doctrines set forth in its action," and at the same time referred Dr. McGiffert's book "to the court of primary constitutional responsibility." An immediate and pressing reason for the abandonment of a trial for heresy would be the desire to retrieve Presbyterian fortunes throughout the country, but especially in the metropolis. The 'forward movement" would hardly be in consonance with a heresy trial, even in the opinion of those who believe that the unanimous voice of the Assembly was against opinions held by Dr. McGiffert. The general principles laid down in an editorial on another page, discussing a recent volume by Professor Gilbert, of Chicago, are, in the main, equally applicable to the case of Professor McGiffert.

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**The Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions**

In the interest of the fourth Universal or Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, a preliminary meeting will be held next month in New York City to arouse Christians to a sense of the significance of this great gathering. President Low, of Columbia College, will preside at the preliminary meeting. At the Conference itself, which is to be held next April in the metropolis, ex-President Harrison will act as honorary president. Besides the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the various American churches, such distinguished American laymen as ex-President Cleveland, Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admiral Philip, Captain Mahan, Justice Brewer, and Mr. John W. Foster are expected to be present at the Conference. England will be represented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earls of Aberdeen and Harrowby, Lords Kinnaird and Overtoun, Principal Fairbairn, Professor Moule, Drs. Guinness and Gibson. India will send Bishop Thoburn, Dr. Chamberlain, and Messrs. Wolf and Abbott; China, President Sheffield, Drs. Ashmore, Taylor, and Lowry; Japan, Drs. Gordon, Soper, and Deering; and Turkey, Drs. Barnum and Dwight. It is anticipated that there may be a gathering of no less than three thousand delegates from all parts of the Christian world. This would double the number in attendance at the last Ecumenical Conference eleven years ago at London. The first Ecumenical Conference was held in 1860 at Liverpool; the second in 1878 at London. One of the most hopeful signs of the latter half of the present century is to be found in these great undenominational meetings, when Protestants of every name gather together to consider one great common cause. The result of the forthcoming meeting should be an impetus towards making the next century an epoch of unparalleled and aggressive missionary enterprise. The time, we may hope, will soon come when Roman and Greek Catholics, when all who call themselves Christians, shall meet with Protestants to consider their common missionary interests.

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**More Methodist Higher Criticism**

A few students of intensely conservative notions have for some time been making trouble in the Old Testament Exegesis Department of Boston University Theological Seminary. They have found the liberal-minded Professor in charge patient enough, but not specially pliant. Finally, a few weeks since, charges as to the Professor's unorthodoxy were submitted to the Trustees. The charges were answered by the accused Professor to the satisfaction of the Trustees, who also received a

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counter-petition, signed by the remainder of the students. Instead of not reappointing the Professor when his term expired at the end of the year, as had been called for, the Trustees, to show their confidence in him, unanimously re-elected him for the usual period of five years, at the same time asking the concurrence of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Church. The Bishops, when they act, will doubtless concur. The University authorities then decided that, as members of the Seminary, the students could not be allowed to discredit the administration; they must either cease their agitation or leave the school. Thereupon nine students severed their connection, and will enter Drew Seminary if they can obtain admittance there. In connection with our report a fortnight since of the speech of Professor Sheldon, also of Boston University, at the Methodist Conference in St. Louis, this event has a double significance. The Methodist communion is now on record as being one of breadth. Freedom of thought and discussion is to be maintained in it. Its theological teaching at Boston and elsewhere must continue evangelical and appreciative of the worth of revelation; but it will be broadly tolerant of newer and nobler views in the province of Biblical criticism.

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**The Supreme Court and the Roman Catholic Church**

The United States Supreme Court has just rendered an opinion in a case dealing with the right of our Government to appropriate funds for an institution conducted by the Roman Catholic Church. This case was that of Joseph Bradfield, of the District of Columbia, against United States Treasurer Roberts, and was brought to restrain Mr. Roberts from paying money appropriated to meet the terms of an agreement made by the Commissioners of the District with the management of Providence Hospital in Washington, because it is conducted by the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity. The Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia had already denied the petition, and the action of the United States Supreme Court now affirms the action of the Court of Appeals. In delivering the Supreme Court's opinion, Justice Peckham declared that "nothing was said about religion or about the religious faith of the incorporators of the institution in the act of incorporation." He assumed that the hospital is a private eleemosynary corporation, and hence the fact that its members are members of a Roman Catholic monastic order or of a sisterhood is wholly immaterial, as is also the further fact that the hospital is conducted under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. The question as to whether the individuals composing the corporation under its charter happen to be all Roman Catholics, or all Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Unitarians, or member of any other religious organization, or of no organization at all, said Justice Peckham, is not of the slightest consequence with reference to the law of its incorporation. He added:

> That the influence of any particular Church may be powerful over the members of a non-sectarian and secular corporation incorporated for a certain defined purpose and with clearly stated powers is surely not sufficient to convert such a corporation into a religious or sectarian body. That fact does not alter the legal character of the corporation, which is incorporated under an act of Congress, and its powers, duties, and character are to be solely measured by the charter under which it alone has any legal existence. There is no allegation that its hospital work is confined to members of that Church, or that in its management the hospital has been conducted so as to violate its charter in the smallest degree.

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**Hampton and Tuskegee**

Those who are given to excessive boasting of American civilization might recall the fact that five millions of the negroes in the United States can neither write nor read, and that six millions of them are now living in one-room cabins. One way to right this wrong is to strengthen the hands of those who are doing signal service in educating and civilizing the negroes. Two institutions stand out pre-eminently in the field of practical education: the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Virginia; and the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute at Tuskegee, Alabama. During its thirty years' history, Hampton has spread intelligence in many farms tilled by negro owners, in many workshops owned by negro employers, in many homes of neatness and order occupied by negro families. It has an admirable equipment in its buildings devoted to technical instruction, practical work-

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shops, and to a normal academic system. The trustees of the institution believe, however, that the work of the past marks only a small beginning of the work to be done; they now appeal to obtain special gifts for their endowment fund. The present endowment is nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but the Institute should have two million dollars' worth of invested funds to provide the nucleus of an income adequate to its needs. As it is, eighty thousand dollars must be raised every year to supplement the assured income of the Institute. The treasurer of the endowment fund is Mr. George Foster Peabody, 29 Pine Street, New York. The Endowment Committee of the Tuskegee Institute has also appealed for a fund of half a million dollars. Tuskegee is now in the nineteenth year of its work. It has nearly a thousand students and nearly a hundred teachers and officers. Twenty-six industries are in constant operation in connection with literary and religious training. The Institute's property is valued at three hundred thousand dollars. Fifty thousand dollars must be raised each year to supplement the twenty thousand dollars coming from assured sources. Tuskegee has become such a recognized factor in solving the race problem and in insuring a nobler citizenship that it should be placed on a more permanent financial footing. Mr. Warren Logan is the Treasurer of the Institute at Tuskegee; it is hardly necessary to add that the Principal is Mr. Booker Washington. The principals of both Hampton and Tuskegee should be relieved from the anxious work now necessary in fund-raising, so that they may devote more of their time to the actual executive control of their institutions.

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**Fisk University** With Hampton and Tuskegee there should also be brought to the attention of the public at this time Fisk University of Nashville, Tenn. While industrial training, in the opinion of the best friends of the negro, is of prime importance to the colored race of the South, it should not be forgotten that negro children need negro teachers, and to produce teachers is the chief function of Fisk University. Fisk University was first brought into public notice by the work of its famous Jubilee Singers, who traveled all over the country, and raised by means of their concerts $150,000 to provide buildings for the school. Like Tuskegee and Hampton, Fisk University now finds it desirable and necessary to obtain a suitable endowment fund for the maintenance of its work, and the Trustees and Faculty of the University present its claims primarily on the ground that it is training school-teachers for the Southern negroes. Although it is less than a quarter of a century since the graduation of the first class from the institution, over two hundred of the alumni are teachers, and it is estimated that ten thousand colored pupils each year are being taught by those who have received their preparation for teaching at Fisk. Its campus of thirty-five acres in one of the most commanding locations in Nashville was once a slave plantation; it has eight substantial buildings, and it is free from debt; and its work commands the respect and approval of its own city and State. Governor McMillan, of Tennessee, Mayor Head, of Nashville, Mr. A. J. Harris, President of the Chamber of Commerce at Nashville, and Mr. A. S. Colyar, who was a prominent member of the Confederate Congress, unite with others in commending the University to those who are interested in the education and welfare of the South. It numbers on its roll over five hundred pupils, twenty-five instructors, and its various departments include the ordinary college curriculum, a normal course, and a preparatory school. The Chairman of the Trustees, Mr. John H. Washburn, the President of the Home Insurance Company, 119 Broadway, New York City, will receive any contributions for the University. A Southern gentleman, in speaking recently of Fisk University and its work, put in a nutshell the reasons for the maintenance of such institutions. "Give them all," he said, "black and white, the keys of knowledge, and let them unlock as many doors as they can. I pity the coward who is afraid to give a human being this chance."

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**Evangelization in France** The recent Huguenot anniversary meetings in commemoration of the Edict of Nantes call renewed attention to present

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hopeful conditions as compared with the gloom and confusion of two hundred years ago. Not only is religious liberty now unrestricted, but the people of many parts are asking for the Gospel. At the Franco-American Evangelization meeting in New York City, the Rev. Jean Knatz, the delegate of the evangelical churches of France, told of the eager requests which have come from no less than forty-five villages asking for the Gospel. Mrs. H. P. Loomis, President of the National Huguenot Auxiliary, narrated several striking facts about French women's work for the churches, for missions, and for women and children. Not only are women's aid societies active in the French Protestant churches as in our own, but there are many other forms of personal and union charitable effort. One lady gives fifteen hundred children a summer outing, and also entirely supports a little Protestant church. The "Fourmis" or "Ants" now number over twenty thousand young Protestant girls, who make garments for the poor. Efficient work is being done by the Young Women's Christian Associations. A Roman Catholic lady in Paris recently gave a hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the erection of a building to house similar work for young women, and placed it under the care of the Protestant gentlemen who are the trustees of the Paris Young Men's Christian Association. Professor Bracq, of Vassar College, drew attention to the great advances made by France during the century, and especially during the last thirty years. He deprecated the tendency of the newspapers to magnify the discreditable and to lose sight of creditable happenings. There has been a current away both from atheism toward Christianity, and from superstition and formalism to a purer and simpler faith. Numbers of priests have left the Church of Rome and have become Protestant ministers. The work of the Franco-American Committee is spreading in this country; auxiliary committees are already formed in several cities.

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**The Week of Prayer**

The Evangelical Alliances of the World announce a Week of United and Universal Prayer, January 7–14, 1900. The announcement of our own Alliance declares that the need is great. "On the one hand, a civilization which gathers to itself increasing luxuries, and prides itself on its ever-enlarging dominion, is averse to repentance and prayer. And, on the other hand, many who suffer and are wronged are ready to conclude that God neither sees nor hears nor cares." The President of the American Alliance is Mr. William E. Dodge, and the Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, D.D., is the General Secretary. In the metropolis, union services will be held as usual in the Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, at 4 P.M., from Monday to Saturday, inclusive.

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**Washington's Death**

The one hundredth anniversary of the death of Washington was commemorated in many places in many ways. Among the most interesting services were those at Mount Vernon and those in St. Paul's Church in this city. At the home of Washington, under the direction of a representative group of Masons, the exercises were peculiarly appropriate and impressive. A procession moved from the house, headed by President McKinley, and including members of the Cabinet, Senators, Representatives, Government officials, and many well-known private citizens, to the old vault where the body of Washington first reposed, following the same path which was followed on the day of his funeral. Thence the procession moved to the tomb in which the body now lies, where the services of the Masonic ritual were conducted. On the return to the house the President spoke briefly, the larger part of his address consisting of extracts from eulogies delivered at the time of Washington's death. The celebration in old St. Paul's in this city was under the direction of the General Society of the Cincinnati and the Society of the Sons of the Revolution. Independence Hall in Philadelphia was the scene of an interesting commemoration; while at the meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League in Indianapolis, Carl Schurz took occasion to declare that Washington's greatest service to the country was the standard of wisdom, public virtue, and patriotism which he established as first President of the United States. The tradition of Washington's character and of his service is one of the most precious things in our

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history; but in exalting him it is not necessary to depreciate and undervalue some of his great successors. When the New York "Evening Post" declares that "in the long line of our Presidents he stands alone, a solitary figure, unselfishly devoted to the service of his people and his God," does it forget Lincoln?

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**When the Century Ends** The German Emperor has officially declared that the present century ends with its ninety-ninth year, and has ordered the Court and the army to celebrate the coming January 1 as the beginning of the new century. The year 1900 will not be the hundredth year of the nineteenth century, but apparently the nothingth year of the twentieth century! In this decision the young Emperor has the authority of Heine, who, because born in the year 1800, referred to himself as one of the first men of his century. On January 1 the Emperor William, with more than his usual serenity, may think of himself as absolutely the first man of "his" century. In this position, however, he has charming company on this side of the water. The gifted President of one of our leading colleges for women has written to the Boston "Herald" seriously arguing that "The first year is a different thing from the year 1. The year 1 cannot be written until it is completed. . . . Anything beyond midnight on the first of January of the coming year is time that must be reckoned in the 1901st year." If this college President's premise is true, her conclusion follows; but, as a matter of fact, the first year is the same thing as the year 1. The words "Anno Domini" mean "in the year of our Lord," and whatever happened "in the first year of our Lord" happened in the year 1. Otherwise it must have happened in the year 0, which is as contrary to logic as it is to history. There was no year naught. The year 1 was the first year of the first century; the year 101 was the first year of the second century; and the year 1901 will be the first year of the twentieth century. But, simple as the matter is when looked at in a simple way, this college President's confusion is in no way due to the feminine quality of her mind. The masculine President of one of our leading universities says in a recent volume that the average expenses of students at Yale in "the first year of the third decade" were $175, when his context shows that he means the year 1830 and not the year 1821. In other words, the masculine educator not only assumed a year naught in the first century, but a decade naught in the present century. His first decade ended in 1819!

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# England in Adversity

Many Americans believe that the war in South Africa is without moral justification; many more that, although English rule in South Africa is to be desired from every point of view, the present war is unnecessary; but it is to be hoped that no American read the story of last week's disasters to the British arms without a deep feeling of sympathy, and that no American has seen the spirit in which England has taken her calamities without a thrill of admiration. One of the chief uses of great national experiences is the searchlight they throw on national ideals and character. A profound individual experience always brings character out in clear and individual lines. A man is often lost in the rush of activity, but when there comes some tremendous event in his life the activities cease for a moment, and the man stands revealed to himself and his fellows. In like manner, a great nation carrying on world-wide activities suddenly shows its heart when a great calamity strikes home. The Continental press, as a rule, has reported with undisguised delight the story of British disaster, treating the English precisely as it treated us at the beginning of the war with Spain, and for precisely the same reasons: ignorance of our motives, instinctive antagonism between institutions which diverge at fundamental points, and instinctive fear of commercial competition.

The English will look to their own colonies and to their kin beyond the sea for insight into their motives. They will expect, as they have received, sharp criticism; but they will also expect, and they will receive, recognition of the essential qualities of character which inspire all their enterprises. The secret of English greatness in adversity has perhaps never been better expressed than by an American. Speaking at a dinner at Manchester

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fifty-two years ago, Ralph Waldo Emerson said:

For I must tell you, I was given to understand in my childhood that the British island from which my forefathers came was no lotus garden, no paradise of serene sky and roses and music and merriment all the year round; no, but a cold, foggy, mournful country, where nothing grew well in the open air but robust men and virtuous women, and these of a wonderful fiber and endurance; that their best parts were slowly revealed; their virtues did not come out until they quarreled; they did not strike twelve the first time; good lovers, good haters, and you could know little about them till you had seen them long, and little good of them till you had seen them in action; that in prosperity they are moody and dumpish, but in adversity they were grand. Is it not true, sir, that the wise ancients did not praise the ship parting with flying colors from the port, but only that brave sailer which came back with torn sheets and battered sides, stript of her banners, but having ridden out the storm? And so, gentlemen, I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honors, and trophies, and also with the infirmities, of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines, and competing populations. I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before—indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion.

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## The Stevenson Letters

It is unsafe, as a rule, to attempt to determine at the moment the relative literary values of a season's publications; but the present year, although prolific of books of good quality, has not been rich in books of lasting value. Its contributions to permanent literature have been few; and among these it is safe to say that the first place must be given to Stevenson's letters. These letters, which bear the Scribner imprint, are important from many points of view. They are, in the first place, saturated with the spirit of literature. Stevenson often wrote hastily; sometimes carelessly; almost always with disregard of the conventions; but, as in the case of Thackeray, it was almost impossible for him to put himself on paper without putting on the same paper the touch of the artist. One is continually aware, in reading these letters, of felicities of style, charming turns of phrase, of the play, variety, and freshness of an artistic mind; and these, it is hardly necessary to say, combined with that sense of form which was almost a passion with Stevenson, are the qualities which make literature. As a piece of literature, this correspondence will long be read.

It will also be read as the biography of a fascinating personality—a man unlike any other man of his generation; with many gifts, highly organized, intensely sensitive, endowed with a noble courage, and fated to express his vitality and genius under some of the most unfavorable conditions against which men are called to contend. The oft-quoted advice to young writers, "Express your own nature," has well been supplemented by the suggestion that you must first be sure that you have a nature worthy of expression. Some people mean so little that, if their meaning were expressed in the most perfect prose or verse, it would be absolutely unimportant. The trouble with a great deal of contemporary writing, at a time when facility in writing is so general, lies in the fact that so little is said. Stevenson had the art of expression in rare measure, but he had also a great deal to say. He was one of those charming egoists who can talk and write about themselves endlessly without giving an impression of egotism, or without suffering the penalties of egotism. His temperament and his circumstances drove him back upon himself; he saw everything from his own point of view, and yet he had such power of seeing himself objectively, and of judging things as they were instead of as they stood related to him, that he turned the egoistic temperament into a source of strength and interest for his fellows. Everything that he did was highly individual. His high-strung spirit, his alert and active figure, his keen, sensitive face, the freshness, vivacity, and audacity of his talk, were all indicative of his sharply defined individuality. His vitality gave his talk at times the most delightful lawlessness. He had that gift of exaggeration which was so characteristic of Carlyle, and of most Scotchmen of high imagination, which turns talk into a series of fascinating sketches of persons, humorous groupings of facts, or brilliant and baffling

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paradoxes. As a human document, this correspondence will be invaluable.

Another and still different kind of value attaches to these letters, because they give us so clear a glimpse into the heart of our own time. It has become the fashion with many cultivated people to decry the times in which we live, as though they were exceptionally out of joint; as if the old idealism, which made brave men and high-spirited women, were dead, and everything and everybody submerged in a tide of vulgar materialism. A good many people have talked this way until they believe that it is true. It has become a fixed habit, and means nothing, so far as fresh observation is concerned, because it bears no relation to actual conditions. There are two classes in every age who are to be dreaded. There are, first, the shallow optimists, who monotonously chant the glory of the present, who see no clouds in the sky, no blots on the moral character, and nothing to be reformed in the political life of the age. These people are not only misleading guides, but they are droners of the dreariest platitudes which ever issued from the mouth of man. There are, in the second place, the pessimists, who are equally monotonous, and a great deal more depressing; who see nothing good in their own time and nothing evil in times that are past; who seem to believe that Divine Providence, after guiding the world through many difficulties, gave up in despair about twenty years ago. Neither the undiscriminating optimist nor the undiscriminating pessimist is to be trusted, because neither has any historical perspective, and neither applies any intelligent observation to his own time.

Robert Louis Stevenson was an optimist by conviction: by condition he ought to have been a pessimist, and gone about the world lamenting the fact that, being a man of genius, he was afflicted with a body which denied him full ability to express himself. If he had been a decadent, he would have drunk absinthe and wasted himself in imprecations against society and maledictions against Deity. He did nothing of the sort. That he suffered at times from depression is not only obvious, but was inevitable; but the world knew nothing of his depression, and his work shows nothing of it. He consumed his own smoke. He was a typical man in an age which it is the fashion to call degenerate; and yet it is doubtful if the sixteenth century knew a braver spirit or has left record of a more splendidly adventurous career. He had all the restlessness of the modern man; the passion to see all sides of life, the desire to know the whole race; and yet his life, like his art, is knit together by a firm and noble consistency. His goodness was like the goodness of children; it was not purely instinctive, for it was reinforced by reason and clear discernment of the moral issues of life; but it was utterly without pietism. We look almost in vain in this correspondence for anything approaching the professional religious phrase; but kindliness, charity, cheerfulness, courage, faith in God and man, shine from a hundred letters. Stevenson said very little about his conception of God, but he lived from day to day as if God were a very real person to him; and some of his prayers, written in the later years of his life, are among the most simple and beautiful expressions of spiritual longing and spiritual assurance. A century cannot be quite bad which produces a man at once so human, so approachable, and yet scaling the heights of discipline, self-denial, and achievement with such steady feet.

In a letter written in 1880 he describes a recent prostrating illness, which he calls "a toss-up for life or death." The closing sentences are worth reprinting and worth taking to heart as showing the sheer pluck of this modern man: "I have come out of all this and got my feet once more upon a little hilltop with a fair prospect of life and some new desire of living. Yet I did not wish to die either, only I felt unable to go on further with that rough horseplay of human life; a man must be pretty well to take the business in good part. Yet I felt all the time that I had done nothing to entitle me to an honorable discharge; that I had taken up many obligations and begun many friendships which I had no right to put away from me; and that for me to die was to play the cur and shirking sybarite, and desert the colors on the eve of the decisive fight." While men of this temper are in the world, it is idle to tell us that goodness has gone out of life, and that nothing remains except the stupid pursuit of money.

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# May a Christian be Rich?

We have received the following letter from a correspondent:

I take distinct issue with the statement that Jesus regarded individual wealth as a "trust." He rather regarded it as a sin, and plainly told the rich that if they would enter the kingdom of heaven (which meant only a righteous state of society upon the earth, having no reference whatever to the hereafter), they must part with their riches. Under the Christianity of Christ there can be no such thing as individual riches, though the aggregate wealth of society and the individual comfort and well-being of its members would be immeasurably increased.

This interpretation of the teachings of Jesus Christ is derived from Renan, who says: "Pure Ebionitism—that is to say, the doctrine that the poor alone shall be saved, that the kingdom of the poor is at hand—was accordingly the doctrine of Jesus." But this interpretation, like some others more common, not to say more orthodox, rests upon a misreading of some texts, a narrow interpretation of others, and a quiet ignoring of still others which are quite inconsistent with any such notion.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit" may include a rich man and exclude a poor man, for a man poor in goods may be haughty, and a man rich in goods may be humble. The woe denounced against the rich, "Woe unto you that are rich," is interpreted by the accompanying clause, "For ye have received your consolation," and is like the warning against those who "trust in uncertain riches." It is a condemnation, not of the rich, but of those who put their life in riches and depend upon riches for their happiness. The admonition not to lay up riches on earth, where moth and rust corrupt and thieves break through and steal, is an admonition against the hoarding of wealth, not against possessing and using it. In the first century, as still in Turkey, where government pounces on visible wealth in active service, riches were very generally hoarded in costly garments or converted into gold or jewels and hidden away in secret places. Such hoarding of wealth was then, and still is, a folly; but it has no kinship with the active use of wealth in trade, commerce, and manufactures, where it is giving prosperity to the entire community. The rich fool was a fool because he could see nothing better to do with abundant crops than to store them in barns; and Dives was condemned, not because he was rich, but because, having means wherewith to bless the poor, he was indifferent to their needs. The rich young ruler was told to sell all that he had and give to the poor, but this was because his heart was in his possessions, not in the problem how to use them for the sake of others; and the very statement of Christ that "it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven" implies that he can enter it, though it is for him more difficult than for his poorer neighbor, because the self-denial is for him more evident, if not more real.

On the other hand, both Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea were unmistakably disciples of Christ, and both were men of apparent wealth; Zaccheus did not give up all his wealth, ill-gotten though it was, to follow Christ; he promised to restore fourfold to those whom he had robbed by unjust taxation as far as he could find them, and to give half of the remainder to feed the poor; and Christ commended him as a child of Abraham. So far is it from being true that Christianity necessarily means poverty, that Christ explicitly affirmed that to follow him conducted to earthly prosperity: the disciple, he said, shall receive a hundredfold in this time—houses, and brethren, and mothers, and children, and lands—with persecutions. He compared the kingdom of God to a nobleman who went into a far country and left his estate with his stewards, telling them to trade with the money he divided among them, and who commended the servants who so traded as to increase the funds intrusted to them, and condemned the servant whose idleness and inefficiency failed to increase the portion allotted to him. In direct instructions Christ counseled his disciples to give generously; but it is impossible to give if one does not possess, and the fact that Christ so instructed them is quite conclusive that he expected his disciples to include both men with and men without wealth. If Christ had believed all possession of wealth a sin, he could not have consistently attended, as he did on more than one occasion, feasts given by the rich; nor could he have told his auditors when they invited to their feasts to invite the poor, who could not invite them in turn—

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a counsel quite unmeaning if they were all poor themselves and unable to make a feast.

In short, if the entire instructions of Christ be studied and compared, it is very evident that they constitute neither an apotheosis of poverty nor a denunciation of wealth. They treat, as now political economy treats, wealth as an instrument, not as an end, and always to be accepted as a trust and used for the public welfare, never to be merely hoarded.

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## The Meaning of Christmas

Is there not danger that the spiritual element will drop wholly out of our holidays: that Thanksgiving Day will become dedicated to dinner and football; Christmas to gift-giving and social reunions; Easter to flowers and music? But surely this is not all. Each of these days has also its sacred significance: Thanksgiving celebrates the God of nature, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy; Christmas, the God incarnate, who for us men and our salvation came down to earth, to interpret the heart of the Infinite to us, by showing us the "human life of God;" Easter, the risen Christ, and so the "living God," who ever dwells on the earth and in his indwelling brings with him the gift of life.

If we really believe what we profess to believe—that the Eternal was once focused in a human life; that God is no longer the Unknown; that he has tabernacled among men; that he has purposely obscured that power and that wisdom which the world has been apt to take as his divinity, in order that he might manifest to us that love which alone constitutes divinity; that we have not to wait for heaven to see the glory of God, since the glory of God is love and the glory of love is self-sacrifice; that while we are straining our eyes and trying to peer into the impenetrable future that we may behold God's glory, the inhabitants of the celestial sphere are looking over the battlements of the Holy City that they may see that glory in its resplendent manifestation on the earth—if we believe this, our Christmas Day will be one of sacred and solemn joyfulness, a joyfulness making sacred the merriment in the child-filled home where life abounds, but giving also a sacred peace in the homes where the merry voices of childhood are no longer heard. For not even the vacant chair and the silence of a child-bereft home can deprive of joy the heart of him who believes that the birth of Christ was the advent of the Son of God and the gift of a new and divine life to the children of men.

"We have seen, and bear witness, and declare unto you the life, the eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us."

This to the Christian believer is the sacred significance of Christmas. This is the message of the Christmas bells, this the meaning of the Christmas music, this the inspiration of the gift-giving, this the sacred source of all its innocent merry-making. Let us not forget it.

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## The Case of Professor Gilbert

The recent discussions concerning the orthodoxy of Professor G. H. Gilbert give to his volume on "The Revelation of Jesus" a new interest and will win for it a wider reading. For the first effect of charges of heresy in our time is to bring to the heretic a wide circle of students. The way to secure a sale for a theological book is for some man in dread of heresy to attempt to put it on the Protestant *index expurgatorius*. Dr. Gilbert's book appears to us to deserve the careful attention of the student of the Bible; the charges made against him make it worthy of consideration by the student of current thought.

The Biblical interpreter is always liable to fall into one of two errors; if he escapes Scylla, he is liable to meet with disaster from Charybdis. The one danger is that of the orthodox scholar. He has been trained in a system of theology; he believes it; he believes, too, that it has been deduced from the Scriptures; he goes to the Scriptures expecting to find it there; and he is very likely in such a case to find what he looks for. Sometimes he looks for it consciously and even avowedly. He searches for texts to prove the divinity of Jesus Christ or the substitutional theory of the Atonement—and he finds them. Those that are or appear to be

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incongruous with the doctrine the truth of which he assumes, he sets himself to explain in accordance with his preconceptions. "I and my Father are one" he quotes without explanation, though not without emphasis; "My Father is greater than I" he passes by, or sets himself to explain in accordance with the equality of the Son with the Father. "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures" he quotes as conclusive evidence of substitution; "I am crucified with Christ" does not suggest to him that the death of the Saviour is no substitute for the death of the sinner, but rather an example which the sinner must follow, a type which the sinner must fulfill.

Even if he does not thus set before him as his task the textual proof of a system already framed, he does unconsciously find it there and pass by all texts which do not serve his purpose. He thinks he is developing a Biblical theology, when he is in fact marshaling Biblical witnesses in favor of a theology already formulated. In certain influential quarters this is what he is expected to do. Independent study of the Bible is discouraged by the declaration that the student must find that the Bible teaches what the traditions of his Church teach or he must leave his Church, that it is not moral for him to find in the Scripture what previous students have not found, unless he is prepared to leave their company. That they may possibly have a duty to reconsider their conclusions is a hypothesis not even considered.

This is the Scylla; the Charybdis is quite as perilous: to the honest and courageous soul rather more so. He has been told that he must not be independent, and therefore he determines that he will be independent. He has been told that if he does not discover in the Bible the doctrines which his Church has found he will be a heretic; and he is secretly rather ambitious to be a heretic. If he is a heretic, he will get discussed in the newspapers—vanity prompts him; if he is a heretic, he will be an independent thinker—pride prompts him; if he is a heretic, he will be belabored by the heresy-hunters—the love of battle prompts him; if he is a heretic, he will suffer—mildly—for the truth, and he recalls the beatitude, Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake—and a false pietism prompts him. So he sets to work, quite unconsciously generally, to find that the old view of the Scripture is erroneous and to discover a new view. He is as eager to be original and independent as his neighbor is to be orthodox and a conformist; and his eagerness leads him into the same sort of error in his interpretations—the labored explanation of some texts, the omission of others.

Professor Gilbert appears to us to be singularly free from both errors. He is certainly not a conscious advocate of the old; and we discover no trace in his pages of that theological pride and vanity which make men sometimes ambitious to be discoverers of the new. Whether his interpretations of the teachings of Jesus as recorded in the Gospels are correct or incorrect, they have all the appearance of being the result of fresh and unprejudiced investigation conducted in a modest, humble, and non-combative spirit. This is not to say that he is without any prejudice, or always shows the deepest spiritual insight, or never uses argument specious rather than sound to make teachings agree either with each other or with his own general interpretation. We cannot always agree with his interpretations. We see no ground for limiting the beatitude "Blessed are they that mourn" to those who mourn over *themselves*, because they are not under the divine rule; this beatitude appears to us to be like Paul's declaration, "We glory in tribulation also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed"—it is a general recognition of the blessing of sorrow, because through the ministry of sorrow comes strength. We cannot escape the conviction that if the author had not been solicitous to commend the teaching of Jesus as correct on all subjects to an age which is distrustful of any supernal influences in life except those which proceed directly from the Father, he would not doubt that Jesus believed in the existence and influence of personal evil spirits; and that if the author had been willing to consider that perhaps every authority claimed for the "Son of man" is or may be claimed by Christ's disciples also, and belongs, strictly speaking, to human nature in its highest spiritual

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development, he might not have been so sure that "Son of man" and "Son of God" are synonymous, and both simple circumlocutions equivalent to the Messiah.

But, however the critical student may differ with Professor Gilbert, it ought to be expected that all students would welcome his book. If he were writing on secular matters—philosophy, ethics, history, science—a book written in his spirit would be welcomed alike by those who approved and those who dissented from its conclusions. Unfortunately, the spirit of inquiry, which is honored in secular study, is still by certain ecclesiastics looked on with suspicion in religious study. The reason is sufficiently evident, and is, indeed, frankly avowed. When Luther promulgated the doctrine of justification by faith, the ecclesiastics objected because it was not according to the traditions of the Church. The objection had a good logical, though a poor historical, ground. The infallibility of the Church was the fundamental dogma of Romanism. Therefore, if any interpretation of Scripture disagreed with the traditions of the Church, it must not even be considered. He who insisted on considering it no longer deserved a place within the pale of the Church. Modern Protestant ecclesiasticism denies the premises but adheres to the conclusion. It affirms that the Church is not infallible, but it insists that the minister must teach according to its traditions. They may be wrong, but they are the standard. It is Romish to affirm that they are infallible, but it is rationalistic to call them in question. When, therefore, such a book as this is produced, the question asked is not, Is it according to right reason? nor even, Is it according to Scripture? but, Is it according to the traditions of the Church?—Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopal, as the case may be. "No man has a right to a Congregational salary for teaching Unitarian doctrine," is the naïve statement of one of Professor Gilbert's critics. How lame and impotent is this argument by the side of the Romish argument! The one is, The traditions of the Church are infallible; therefore no man has a right to teach contrary to those traditions, for so to teach is to teach error. The other is, The traditions of the Church are fallible; but no one has a right to teach contrary to those traditions, for he is paid to teach them whether they be true or false.

We hesitate to report either the criticised teaching of Professor Gilbert or the criticisms which it has called forth, for we do not fully agree with the first, and we fully disagree with the second; and nothing is more difficult than to report in a paragraph the carefully elaborated views of another, especially when the reporter is by no means sure that he is in accord with those views.

The chief objections to Professor Gilbert appear to be to his interpretation of the teaching of Jesus Christ concerning himself and concerning his work. On the first point Professor Gilbert declares that Jesus Christ laid emphasis on the fact that he was the Messiah, claimed to be without sin, and affirmed himself to be one with the Father; but that this consciousness of Messiahship, of sinlessness, and of divinity did not depend upon his miraculous birth. This affirmation, which is the first cause of complaint against Professor Gilbert, appears to us to be beyond all question. The fact that Jesus never refers to his supernatural birth is quite conclusive that he did not rest his claims upon it. The facts that Mark, supposedly the earliest Gospel writer, and John, certainly the latest, do not refer to it, are almost equally conclusive evidence that the sacred writers did not regard it as fundamental to faith. The divinity of Christ is a spiritual, not a physiological, fact; and the spiritual is not dependent on the physiological.

The second cause of complaint is that Professor Gilbert affirms that the union of Christ with the Father is a "perfect moral union;" it is "ethically conditioned;" it is not "a peculiar metaphysical relation." We do not understand very clearly what the author means by "a peculiar metaphysical relation;" but if by his affirmation he means that the relation between Jesus of Nazareth and his Father is one into which the disciples may enter, and that Jesus lived, taught, suffered, and died that all men might enter into that relation, and be one with the Father and the Son as the Son was one with the Father—that truth appears to us to be writ exceeding large in both Gospels and Epistles; and to take it out of them is to take not only the divine glory out of

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the books, but the splendid significance out of the life which they record and interpret.

The third criticism is that Professor Gilbert does not find in Christ's teachings evidence that Christ claimed a personal, self-conscious pre-existence before his earthly birth. There was what the author calls "an ideal pre-existence;" and the passages which seem to imply a real, conscious existence before earthly birth are to be interpreted as signifying "that his Messianic day is part of the eternal order of things." In this interpretation Professor Gilbert follows Dr. Beyschlag, though we believe he does not quote him. Neither the arguments of Professor Gilbert nor those of Dr. Beyschlag have sufficed to convince us that the references of Jesus to his pre-existence would have been understood, or that he could have thought they would have been understood, in any such abstruse fashion by the people who were addressed. And we hold it as an absolute canon of criticism that no author, sacred or secular, can complain if he is understood as he would have expected to be understood by his auditors. There may be more in the speech than they could have comprehended, never less. But, although we have not been persuaded of the correctness of Professor Gilbert's interpretation, though we prefer to leave some of Jesus Christ's words unexplained and mystical, either not to be understood or to reveal themselves only to future study, rather than hastily to adopt a doubtful interpretation, the simple fact that allusions to Christ's pre-existence are found only in the Fourth Gospel make it entirely clear that an acceptance of their ordinary interpretation is not at all necessary to an acceptance of Christ as the Messiah and Saviour of the world. Who will say that the Gospel of Matthew or of Mark does not give all that faith needs to rest upon?

We should be more inclined to take exception to Professor Gilbert's interpretation of the teaching of Christ concerning his death. We agree with him that this death is the consummation of Christ's life, and has for its object "delivering men from the bondage of sin;" that the notion that Jesus Christ died in the place of man is not sustained by Christ's teaching, and is, indeed, hardly consistent with it; that, as Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, in "The Blood Covenant," has abundantly shown, blood was primarily a solemn seal or ratification of a covenant between God and man, not at all a sacrifice by man to gain the favor of God; but we do not think Professor Gilbert sufficiently recognizes that sin in one can be taken away only by sacrifice in another; that even God can save sinners from their own wrath and self-destruction only by suffering with and for them. In brief, while we are inclined to think that all which Professor Gilbert says about the death of Christ is true, he does not state all the truth, nor the deepest truth, about the sacrifice of Christ. And, in our judgment, in this too self-indulgent age, as no ethical doctrine needs more to be emphasized than the duty of self-sacrifice on the part of man, so no theological doctrine needs more to be emphasized than the fact of God's self-sacrifice for man's sake.

But though in some important respects we differ with Professor Gilbert's interpretations, we heartily welcome the volume as a real and valuable contribution to an understanding of the teaching of the Master; we believe it will be so welcomed by most unprejudiced students of the Master; and we congratulate Chicago Theological Seminary on the fact that the critics have been unable to drive Professor Gilbert from his chair. The difference between Professor Gilbert's critics and the Faculty and Board of Trustees of the Chicago Theological Seminary is simple and fundamental. His critics fear to have any interpretations of Christ given to the world which are not in accord with those which have been given in the past. The authorities of the Seminary reverently recognize that Christ is so much greater than any of his disciples that no one can have furnished a complete and final interpretation of him, and they therefore welcome any interpretation which is earnest, reverential, intelligent, and spiritual in its purpose, confident that freedom of investigation and freedom of teaching will conduct to a larger and better understanding of Christ, while limits put upon that freedom by ecclesiastical authority will in the future, as in the past, tend to darken the understanding of the disciples and to dim the glory of their Master. With that conviction we are heartily in accord.

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# CUBAN CHARACTER

## The First of Two Papers Supplementary to "The Regeneration of Cuba"

By George Kennan, Special Commissioner of The Outlook to Cuba

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IN a speech made to the trustees of the Cuban Orphan Fund, in the New York Chamber of Commerce, on the 29th of June last, Brigadier-General Leonard Wood is reported to have said: "We are going to be held responsible for the island, whether Cuba is made independent or becomes a part of ourselves" (New York "Sun," June 30, 1899).

If the statement of the Governor of Santiago be true—and there is no doubt whatever in my mind that it *is* true—the most important practical question suggested by it is a question of character; namely, "What are the hereditary and acquired traits, habits, and capacities of the people for whose actions we, as a Nation and a Government, are to be held responsible?"

It is my purpose in this article to express my own opinions with regard to the character of the Cubans, and to set forth briefly some of the facts upon which they rest. I do not claim, either for the opinions or the facts, any authoritative conclusiveness, or any value other than that to which they may seem entitled as the results of unbiased observation. I spent only six or eight months in Cuba, and it is not possible in that time to make such a study of an alien people as would justify anything like dogmatic assertion or positive statement. I offer my opinions and facts merely as contributions to the great mass of existing information upon which, eventually, accurate generalizations and authoritative conclusions may be based. My point of view is that of an unprejudiced but unsympathetic looker-on. The character of the average Cuban is not congenial to me, and does not interest me except in so far as it is one of the controlling factors in a difficult national problem. I hope, however, that my unsympathetic attitude will not prevent me from doing full justice to all the virtues of which the Cuban is really possessed; and with the most noticeable, if not the most noteworthy, of these virtues, namely, temperance in the use of intoxicating liquors, will begin.

A stranger who visits a Cuban town for the first time and notices the flower-beds edged with inverted bottles in the plaza, the long shelves filled with bottles in the restaurants, and the little groups of men talking, smoking, and drinking around small tables in the cafés at night, is very likely to get the impression that the Cubans are an intemperate people, or, at least, a people quite as much addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as are the Americans or the English. At the end, however, of three months' residence on the island, when perhaps the subject recurs to his mind, he suddenly becomes conscious of the fact that, notwithstanding the empty bottles in the plaza, the long rows of filled bottles in the restaurants, and the groups of drinking men in the wide-open cafés, he has never once seen a Cuban in a state of intoxication. He has seen hundreds—perhaps thousands—of Cubans in the act of drinking, but he cannot remember ever to have seen one of them drunk.

I had been on the island almost six months before I saw a Cuban perceptibly under the influence of intoxicating liquor; and yet there was hardly a day in that whole time that I did not see Cubans by the dozen talking, smoking, and drinking



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in the restaurants and cafés of Santiago, Baracoa, Havana, Matanzas, Cardenas, Santa Clara, or Cienfuegos. Almost all Cubans drink, but they are the most temperate people, nevertheless, that I have ever known. Even in hours of triumph and periods of great emotional excitement, when over-indulgence might be expected if not excused, the Cuban seldom loses his head to such an extent as to become noisy, disorderly, or offensive. I witnessed in Santa Clara, Cienfuegos, and Havana three great popular demonstrations in honor of General Gomez, when there were reunions of old army comrades, celebrations of victories won by Cuban arms, and scenes of almost unparalleled excitement and passion; but I did not notice in the crowded cafés or in the surging throngs on the streets a single intoxicated Cuban soldier or civilian.

About the middle of last January the people of Matanzas had a triumphal celebration, lasting four days, of their deliverance from Spanish rule. Nearly a thousand Cuban soldiers came into the city from neighboring camps; five hundred negro men and women formed in a solid column at night, and danced half a mile down one of the principal streets, to the accompaniment of delirious shouts and cries and the frenzied beating of tom-toms and drums; and the whole city went literally wild with patriotic enthusiasm and excitement. Although the cafés and drinking-saloons were all open, as usual, the Cuban population remained perfectly sober, and General Sanger, who was then Governor of the city, told me that, so far as he could remember, there was not a single arrest for drunkenness or disorder in the whole four days. Is there a city or town in the United States of which as much could be said at the end of an annual Fourth of July celebration of American independence? Drunken American soldiers I have seen in Cuba, by the score if not by the hundred, but all the drunken Cuban soldiers I have ever seen might be counted on my thumbs.

In many parts of the island, and at many different times, my National and racial pride was deeply wounded, not to say humbled, by the glaring contrast between American intemperance and Cuban sobriety. In Baracoa one afternoon I happened to see three or four drunken American soldiers staggering down the street toward the post-office, under the eyes of a dozen or more sober and observant Cubans. In the faces of the latter was a half-pitying, half-contemptuous expression which seemed to say, "How is it possible for human beings to make such beasts of themselves?" There was justification enough, perhaps, for the expression, but it irritated me nevertheless. In courage, in honesty, in capacity, and in all that goes to make true manhood, those American soldiers were immeasurably superior to the Cubans who stood, clear-eyed and sober, on the sidewalks and looked after them with disgust and contempt. I had no doubt whatever that three-fourths of those very Cubans would lie without scruple, steal if they had a good opportunity, and go contentedly for three months at a time without a bath; but drunkenness did not happen to be their vice.

Exactly why the Cubans can drink moderately for an indefinite length of time without increasing the quantity or the frequency of their potations, and without becoming victims of an enslaving habit, I will not undertake to say. Perhaps their moderation in the use of intoxicants is an inherited racial characteristic. If you compare their method of drinking with that of Americans in the same saloon or café, you will probably notice that they spend half an hour in smoking, talking, and sipping at intervals one small glass of Baccardi rum, and then go quietly about their business; while the American soldiers at the next table swallow six drinks of the same liquor in the same time, and then go somewhere else to make a day or a night of it. With the Cuban, conversation is the main thing and the drink merely accessory and incidental; while with the American inebriation seems to be the chief object, with conversation as an incidental stop-gap between drinks.

That the average Cuban has more self-control than the average American in the presence of intoxicating liquor is an indisputable fact; but in defense of the American it may at least be said that when he is sober he has his senses; while the Cuban often loses his senses without being drunk. What effect American example will ultimately have upon the drinking methods and habits of the Cubans I

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am unable even to conjecture; but I sincerely hope that they will not adopt an imported American vice without at least learning a few of the compensating American virtues.

While sobriety—or, to speak with greater precision, moderation in the use of intoxicants—is one of the Cuban's best characteristics, he is by no means without other noteworthy and commendable qualities. In the first place, he is manageable. General Wood, General Sanger, General Ludlow, Lieutenant-Colonel Wylly, of Baracoa, and many other American officers whose administrative duties have necessarily brought them into close relations with the Cubans, unanimously declare that the latter, if treated with justice and tact, are kindly, tractable, well-disposed, and easily governed. Of the temperamental faults and weaknesses which modify this manageability I shall have occasion to speak in a subsequent paragraph. I am calling attention, at present, only to the Cuban's virtues; and, so far as my own experience goes, the testimony of our administrative officers in Cuba to the kindliness and tractability of the Cuban population in general is fully and strictly in accordance with the facts. In the course of six or eight months' residence and travel on the island I never had a quarrel or angry dispute with a Cuban, and, so far as I can remember, was never treated with the slightest rudeness or discourtesy. On the contrary, Cuban farmers and country people in particular often went out of their way to do me a service for which they would take no compensation, and manifested generally a courteous, good-humored, and hospitable disposition. Although cruel to animals—or at least insensible to their suffering—they are kind and indulgent to children, and the women sometimes show a capacity for maternal devotion and self-sacrifice that is extremely unusual if not unparalleled in other countries. Mr. Warner, one of the agents in Cuba of the American National Red Cross, told me, for example, that, while engaged in relief work in the city of Santa Clara, he accidentally found, in a wretched hovel on the outskirts of the town, an elderly and widowed Cuban woman whose entire family consisted of one insane son, twenty years or more of age. This young man was a violent homicidal maniac; and in order to live with him at all his mother had been compelled to keep his legs fast, night and day, in heavy wooden stocks. For seven years she had cared for and supported this unfortunate creature, without aid from any quarter, and without a thought, apparently, of escaping from the terrible task that maternal love and duty imposed upon her. If such devotion and self-sacrifice be not heroism, it is something that very closely approaches it.

Of the patriotism of the Cuban people generally, there can, I think, be no doubt; but it is not exactly the patriotism of the Anglo-Saxons. As Heine once said of another branch of the Latin race, the Cuban "loves Liberty as his bride. He burns for her; he is a flame; he casts himself at her feet with the most extravagant protestations; he will fight for her to the death, and he commits for her sake a thousand follies;" but, unfortunately, he does not always know her by sight, and is apt to go crazy over and fight for a sham figure of Liberty, set up by the greed, selfishness, or ambition of unscrupulous leaders.

Of the capacity of the Cuban for sustained labor I have spoken in previous articles; and I need only say here that, in my judgment, he will work as hard and as steadily as any free man can be expected to work in a tropical climate. He may not be as energetic as a Norwegian, a German, or a Finn; and I doubt whether he is even as enterprising and industrious as an untransplanted Spaniard; but, on the other hand, he is not constitutionally lazy nor chronically tired. Give him a fair chance to enjoy his full share of the fruit of his own labor and he will work as hard as you can reasonably expect any free man to work south of the 25th parallel of north latitude.

When you have said that the Cubans, as a people, are strictly temperate in the use of intoxicating liquors; that they are easily managed if treated with justice and tact; that they are kind to their families as well as courteous and hospitable to strangers; that they are enthusiastically, if not wisely, patriotic; and that they work, as a rule, quite as hard as free men can be expected to work in a tropical climate—you have said about all, I think, that can justly be said in their favor. Of

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a few individuals here and there—most of them men who have been educated in America or subjected in some way to foreign influence—you may, and indeed must, say a great deal more; but such men are exceptional and not in any sense typical. They show perhaps what Cubans may become, but not what Cubans are.

To offset the good traits and habits of the Cuban people, there is, I am sorry to say, a long list of vices and defects. Leaving out of consideration, for the moment, a few exceptional individuals and classes, I may sum up these vices and defects as follows. The Cubans generally, or at least a majority of them, are untrustworthy; untidy, not to say unclean, in their personal and social habits; uneducated; destitute, or nearly destitute, of artistic perception and mechanical ingenuity; selfish, or at least unsympathetic and inconsiderate in their treatment of one another; irreligious, if religion be regarded as a spiritual force controlling conduct; excitable and prone to act on unconsidered impulse; and almost wholly lacking in steadiness, stability, and thoughtful self-control.

If strict moderation in the use of intoxicating liquor be put at the head of the list of Cuban virtues, untrustworthiness, in word and deed, must certainly head the list of Cuban vices.

The chief representative of one of the oldest foreign mercantile houses in Cuba—a house which has been in business there for a period that covers three or four generations—summed up for me one day, in the following words, the firm's long experience with its Cuban customers and employees: "When my grandfather died, the last advice that he gave my father with regard to the management of the business was, 'Never trust a Cuban.' When my father died, the last injunction that he laid upon me was, 'Never trust a Cuban.' When I hand over the business to my successor, I shall pass along the advice which I received from my father and which he received from his father—'Never trust a Cuban.'"

Individual testimony could hardly be more emphatic or more conclusive than this. Three generations of upright business men had found the average Cuban so untruthful and so unreliable that they had adopted and handed down in the firm as a business maxim the significant words, "Never trust a Cuban."

One of the ablest and most experienced of the American military administrators in Cuba said to me a few weeks later, "I have a Cuban for treasurer whom I believe to be absolutely honest; but I never trust a Cuban without constant supervision and control."

When I was taken with malarial fever at Santiago in August of last year, the steward of the Anglo-American Club happened to have a bill against me of three or four dollars for lemonade and claret. I asked him to make it out and present it for payment; but he neglected to do so, and I was so ill when I left the Club that I very naturally overlooked it. After I had gone on board the steamer for New York, however, I happened to think of it; and, calling my Cuban interpreter—a man in whom I had implicit confidence—I gave him four dollars and asked him to go immediately to the Anglo-American Club and pay my wine bill. He promised, of course, to attend to it at once, and, after bidding me an almost affectionate good-by, he left the ship. When I returned to Santiago, four months later, I went again to the Anglo-American Club, and, happening to think one day of that bill, I asked the steward whether it had been paid. He did not remember, but said he would consult his cash-book. He referred to his book and informed me that the account had been settled by Mr. Elwell, a Red Cross friend of mine in the Club, who had paid the bill to save my credit. The affectionate Cuban interpreter, thinking that I had gone back to America ill with malarial fever and would probably return to Santiago no more, had quietly pocketed the four dollars, leaving my Club bill to settle itself. The incident is one of trivial importance, but it illustrates the trait of character which has given to the Cuban his reputation for untrustworthiness.

Cuban dishonesty, however, is by no means confined to interpreters, shopkeepers, and petty clerks. If the testimony of American officers and administrators in Cuba is worthy of any credence, Cuban lawyers, physicians, and professional men generally are tarred with the same stick. In a discussion one day with regard to the character of the Cubans, the Sanitary Inspector of the United States

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Marine Hospital Service at the largest and most important port in Cuba said to me: "I have been here, Mr. Kennan, a number of years. It is a part of my duty, at certain seasons, to keep yellow fever and smallpox out of the United States, and in the discharge of that duty I require every Cuban who leaves here for an American port to furnish me with satisfactory evidence that he has had yellow fever and smallpox, or, in the case of the latter disease, that he has been vaccinated. At first I began to accept as evidence the certificates of reputable Cuban physicians in this city. I soon discovered, however, that I was being imposed upon, and that certain doctors furnished Cubans with certificates that were false. Then I began to keep a black list of Cuban physicians whose certificates were not to be trusted. This list kept constantly growing, until finally it became so long that I abandoned it altogether, and began to make a white list of the few physicians that I thought I *could* trust. I pledge you my professional word, Mr. Kennan," he added in conclusion, "that if you were to take fifty centennes [five-dollar Spanish gold-pieces] and go to fifty of the best-known and most reputable Cuban physicians in this city, you could bribe forty-five of them, with a centenne apiece, to give you a certificate that you had had any disease you chose to name, and at any time that suited your purposes."

If well-known and nominally reputable Cuban physicians deal in this way with sanitary matters involving issues of life and death, what protection are our Southern cities likely to have when we withdraw from the "Pearl of the Antilles" altogether and leave Cuba to the Cubans? How soon will yellow fever be stamped out on the island, when Cuban Boards of Health, composed in whole or in part of such physicians, take charge of sanitary work in the city of Havana, and sell false health certificates to all comers at the rate of five dollars apiece?

It would be easy, if I had the requisite space, to furnish many well-authenticated cases of the use by Cuban merchants of false weights and measures; of the sale of Red Cross supplies to groceries at less than their market value in New York; of the procurement of such supplies on false and fraudulent pretenses; of the placing of fictitious names by Cuban foremen on pay-rolls of street-cleaning gangs; of corrupt and fraudulent identification of sham soldiers by Cuban army officers in the distribution of President McKinley's $3,000,000 award; of attempts made by Cubans to bribe administrative officers of the United States; of the arrest of Cuban mayors for selling to shops food intrusted to them for distribution among the poor; of the sale by Cuban army officers of cloth and clothing given them by the Red Cross for the use of their half-naked men; of the procurement by Cuban planters of Red Cross supplies which they said were for starving reconcentrados, but which they afterward issued to their own laborers, and charged against such laborers' pay; and of fraud, deception, embezzlement, and untrustworthiness among all classes and in infinitely varied forms.

Now, there must be some reason for this wide prevalence of dishonesty in the private, official, and commercial life of the Cuban people, and the question naturally arises, What is that reason? An answer may be found, I think, in the address of General Wood to the trustees of the Cuban Orphan Fund from which I have already quoted. As reported in the New York "Sun," he said: "We have got to remember, gentlemen, that we are dealing with a people who, for a good many generations, have had very little voice in public affairs, and their whole disposition has been perverted by a system which has compelled deceit, dishonesty, and subterfuge in every department of life." In other words, the Cuban is untrustworthy because he is the product of a corrupt and vicious system of training, conducted and enforced for many years by corrupt and vicious rulers. Whatever Spanish army officers may have been in Spain, they were in Cuba grasping, avaricious, untruthful, and notoriously dishonest. To expect that colonists of the same race, and natural inheritors of the same characteristics, would undergo this intensive training, generation after generation, and come out of it honest, upright, or trustworthy, would be to expect a stupendous miracle. In the words of the homely but pregnant Spanish proverb, "The children of the cats catch mice."

It may perhaps be thought that uncleanness, in comparison with untrustworthi-

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ness, is an unimportant if not a venial fault, and that it has no practical bearing upon the welfare of any one except the unclean person and his neighbors. This, perhaps, is true; but, unfortunately, we are the Cuban's neighbors, and not only our welfare but even our lives may depend upon the sanitary condition of his back yard. It is therefore a practical as well as a pertinent question whether there is anything in his character and habits upon which we may base a reasonable expectation that when we leave the island he will continue the work that we have begun. Will the Cuban cities that we have cleaned be kept clean, and will the death-rate that we have everywhere reduced be kept down when the people of the island are left to their own devices?

That the average Cuban is—or at any rate was—careless and untidy in his personal habits and unclean in his environment, no one who knew Santiago and Havana in their ante-bellum days will deny. If the reader happens to remember my article on "The Sanitary Regeneration of Santiago," in The Outlook of April 15, he will still have in mind, I trust, a clear idea of the urban Cuban as he was. Is there any good reason to believe that the leopard has changed his spots, or that he will keep himself spotless when no longer forced to do so by alien control?

When Mr. Gray and I came from Santiago to Havana on the Spanish steamer Maria Herrera early in the present year, we could obtain no better accommodation than one-half of a six-by-eight stateroom, which we shared with two first-class Cuban passengers. One of these gentlemen was a Cuban planter, perhaps sixty years of age, who seemed to be intelligent and fairly well educated, and who was rich enough to lose sixty or seventy dollars at cards, of an evening, without noticeable embarrassment or discomposure. Our other roommate was a young lieutenant in the insurgent army—a white man—who appeared to represent fairly the average Cuban army officer of his age and rank. At the time when they came on board the steamer, General Wood had been engaged, for a period of at least six months, in teaching the people of Santiago how to take proper care of themselves and their premises; Colonel Ray, Colonel Hood, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wylly had been doing the same work, for nearly the same length of time, in Guantanamo, Holguin, and Baracoa; and the gospel of cleanliness had been preached by American army officers to the Cuban population throughout the whole eastern end of the island. Our Cuban roommates, therefore, could hardly have been ignorant of such elementary principles of sanitation as relate to care of person and environment. On a clean and orderly American or English steamer they would perhaps have taken pains to observe the rules and adopt the practices of civilized society; but on a Spanish vessel, where they felt perfectly at home, they relapsed into what, I presume, were their normal habits. If either of them had a toothbrush, a comb, a hairbrush, or a piece of soap (soap was not furnished by the steamship company), I never once caught sight of it. If either of them washed his face or his hands, in the four days that we spent in port or at sea, I never happened to catch him in the act, or to find any evidence in the stateroom that the act had been performed. Both of them had the unpleasant habit of clearing their throats and spitting on the floor, at all hours of the night, and the condition of the floor became such that Mr. Gray and I dared not get out of our berths in the morning without first putting on our shoes.

That present knowledge of sanitary laws, and present possession of ample means and facilities for the proper observance of such laws, are not enough in themselves to overcome the Cuban's pre-acquired habits and tendencies is a proposition that will hardly be disputed, I think, by any one who has had an intimate knowledge of Cuban home life. Speaking of this aspect of the question, the sanitary inspector of the United States Marine Hospital Service whom I have already quoted said to me: "I could take you to private houses of wealthy Cubans in this city—houses that probably cost forty or fifty thousand dollars to build—where there are all modern improvements, including sanitary plumbing, bath-rooms, and water-closets on every floor; but where, nevertheless, the occupants neglect the closets," and resort to practices that can only be euphemistically described as "primitive." "The families who occupy these houses have, in some cases, traveled

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abroad and had educational advantages; but they revert at intervals, if not habitually, to their earlier customs and methods. More than once, wealthy Cuban women, wearing four or five hundred dollars' worth of diamonds, have come to my office to get health certificates or permits to visit the United States; and upon being required to show their vaccination marks have exposed arms grimy with dirt."

It will be easy, of course, for an affronted Cuban, or an admirer of the Cubans, to jump upon me indignantly with the accusation that I am basing a general indictment of a whole people upon a few exceptional facts or cases; but such is not my meaning or intention. I do not believe—still less assert—that all Cubans travel without toilet requisites, neglect facilities contrived by the art of the modern plumber, or wear diamonds on dirty arms. I am simply giving, from personal observation or trustworthy testimony, a few illustrations—extreme and exceptional illustrations, perhaps—of the general tendency of the Cuban people to disregard dirt and ignore the most elementary principles of sanitary science. That there is such a general tendency Cubans themselves will hardly deny, in the face of the notorious facts that three-fourths of all the houses in Cuban towns have their privy-vaults under or in close proximity to their kitchens or living-rooms, and that in more than three-fourths of these houses access to the back yard, where domestic animals are often kept, can be had only through the front door. A people with any delicacy of sense-perception, or any distaste for foulness and dirt, never would have built their houses or arranged their back yards in such a way.

My only object in calling attention to an unfortunate national characteristic, and dwelling upon an unpleasant subject, is to emphasize the immense practical importance of the impending question, "What will be the attitude of the Cuban people toward sanitary reform when we withdraw wholly from the island and leave them to work out their own destiny?" Will they keep the cities of Santiago and Havana as clean as General Wood and General Ludlow have made them? Are they likely to spend in Havana the ten or twelve millions of dollars that Colonel Waring estimated it would cost to construct a proper system of modern sewerage? Finally, is there any reasonable probability that they will ever stamp out that smoldering fire of the tropics—yellow fever—which, from first to last, has cost us Americans far more in life and treasure than the Spanish-American war? My own answer to all of these questions is, unhesitatingly, No! What, then, are we going to do about it?

It seems to me that, in view of the sacrifices we have made, the blood we have spilled, and the money we have spent to free the Cuban people, we are at least equitably entitled to demand that Cuba shall be put, and henceforth kept, in such sanitary condition that yellow fever, from that source, shall never again menace our Southern coast. If the Cubans will not do this work, we are fully justified in doing it ourselves at their expense; and if we withdraw from Cuba without reserving and asserting our right to take supreme control of sanitary work on the island, if it be found necessary to do so in order to protect ourselves, we shall make a serious as well as a foolish mistake.

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# The Territorial System for Our New Possessions

By H. K. Carroll, LL.D.

United States Commissioner to Porto Rico.

THE question of the kind of government to be provided for Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines must soon engage the attention of Congress. The first thought of the American people when these islands came into our possession seemed to turn to the English colonial rather than to the American Territorial system.

If we want a colonial system, let us take that of England, by all means; but why not take our own Territorial system? This is the second thought of those who have given most attention to the matter. It is doubtful if the colonial system has a single advantage over the Territorial. The latter is, according to precedent, the first step to Statehood. Some said, We do not want to encourage Hawaii, Porto Rico, or the Philippines to hope for Statehood, therefore let us not make them Territories. But the danger of Statehood is not obviated by making them colonies; nor is that other difficulty of maintaining a tariff against their tobacco and sugar avoided. Congress has the power to make States, and there is no Constitutional bar to making States from colonies as well as from Territories. The Constitution simply says that Congress may admit new States; and there is nothing to prevent Alaska from being admitted equally with Oklahoma or New Mexico. The maintenance of customs duties between our ports and those of our new possessions does not depend upon their being made colonies instead of Territories, but upon the interpretation of the clause of the Constitution which requires that "all duties, imports, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." If these islands become part of the United States, there can be no tariff between their ports and ours. Indeed, their ports will be ours. I suppose that Congress, under the provision of the second paragraph of Section 3, Article IV., of the Constitution, giving that body "power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States," could fix the status of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands so that they would not be Constitutionally a part of the United States. It could establish protectorates over them, or make them practically independent, holding some such relation to them as England held to the Transvaal under the Convention of 1881; but protectorates are a source of trouble to those bound to give protection, and of no very great advantage to those protected, as witness the war between England and the Transvaal, and the long-continued disagreement between France and Madagascar, to say nothing of the tripartite protectorate over Samoa. We ought not to establish protectorates over our new possessions—certainly not over Hawaii and Porto Rico.

We need not fear that our markets will be violently affected by the free admission of Hawaiian and Porto Rican products. Hawaiian sugar already comes in free. Our consumption of refined sugar is constantly increasing, and so is our export. The West Indian tobacco is unlike any we raise, and will not come into competition with it. Even if it did, there would be a compensation. Porto Rico will be a better market for our manufactured goods than the United States will be for Porto Rican products; and if we want to sell in that market, we must buy there. As to the possibility of Statehood, why should it be denied either to Hawaii or Porto Rico? We have kept New Mexico out forty-nine years, Arizona thirty-seven years; the islands can be kept out until everybody agrees that they ought to be admitted. Congress would not abuse the confidence of the people.

Let us, by all means, make our new possessions Territories. The Territorial system is an old and tried one. We understand it, because it is of our own development, and fits into our plan of



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republican government and harmonizes with our institutions. Our control of near-by and distant islands will be a safer experiment with it than with the colonial system, which we would have to borrow, study, and adapt. We have governed Spanish populations and have had no trouble, and we have none to fear in Porto Rico or Hawaii.

The Territorial is an admirably balanced system. While conceding a large measure of home rule to the people of the Territories, it retains ample power of control to the Federal Government. The President appoints and the Senate confirms the Governor, Secretary, Surveyor-General, Attorney, Marshal, and Judges of the Supreme Court, and these officers, except ing the Judges, are removable by the President. The people of the Territory elect members of the two houses of the Territorial Legislature and their county and municipal officers; also a delegate to Congress, who has a voice in the House of Representatives, but no vote. The Legislature may legislate on all subjects consistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States, but must send copies of its legislative acts to the President, the Secretary of the Interior, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The act creating the Territory of New Mexico also provided that any legislative act disapproved by Congress should be null and void. The danger of unwise legislation was therefore carefully guarded against; first, by a veto of the Governor, requiring a two-thirds vote of each house to overcome; second, by Congressional revision. Citizens of the Territories, like those of the District of Columbia, are deprived of the privilege of participation in Presidential elections, and, unlike those of the various States, have no vote for Governor and other Territorial officers. Formerly Governors for the Territories were generally citizens of States; but in late years the practice has been to select citizens of Territories for this office.

As applied to Porto Rico, the Territorial system will be much more liberal than the old Spanish or even the autonomist plan. Under the former, Spain named the Governor-General, who appointed the members of his ministry and nearly all other insular officers. There was no legislative body, and the people only elected municipal councilmen, members of the Provincial Deputation, which had oversight over certain insular matters, and of the Cortes in Madrid. The autonomist plan gave them a legislature, and restricted the powers of the Governor-General. The Territorial system would carry autonomic decentralization somewhat further, enlarging the scope of legislative power, particularly concerning the government of municipalities, and giving a much larger measure of home rule to the island. Most important of all, it would separate the executive, legislative, and judicial departments, making these powers co-ordinate, whereas, under the old system, the Governor-General was the government and the government was the Governor-General. He controlled everything, and even appointed the *alcaldes* or mayors of cities when he saw fit. The difference between that system and our Territorial organization is the difference between despotism and republicanism.

If Porto Rico becomes a Territory, its financial burdens will be considerably lightened. While the Federal Government would have the income from customs duties and internal revenue, it would use it to pay the salaries and expenses of the Governor and other insular officers, members of the Legislature, judges and attachés of the Supreme and District Courts, etc. Under the Spanish administration nearly every conceivable form of taxation was employed to supply the insular treasury. There were, first, the customs dues, including special cargo taxes, additional taxes on petroleum, matches, etc.; second, royal dues on conveyances of property; third, income from sale of stamped paper, which had to be used for all legal purposes; fourth, proceeds of a State lottery; fifth, four per cent. income tax on commercial, industrial, and agricultural pursuits, from which no one, not even the day-laborer, escaped. The total from these several sources, about $5,000,000, was all expended on the island, except about $500,000, which was sent to Madrid. Half of the whole sum, nearly, was required to support the military and naval forces. Spain saw that Porto Rico paid fully its own way, and that it was never a charge on the home exchequer, but, on the contrary, was always a constant contributor to it.

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As the Federal Treasury will pay the bulk of the expenses of the Territory, the taxes levied for the support of schools and other general purposes will not need to be very heavy. This will be a boon to the groaning taxpayer, who had to pay annually 12½ per cent. insular and municipal tax on his income; also to the municipalities, which find it very difficult now to raise enough money to pay their most necessary bills, for since American occupation their share of the income tax has been reduced from one and a half times that of the State to an equal amount, and the *consumo* tax, by which they collected considerable amounts on foods, drinks, and fuels brought into their cities for sale, has been abolished.

By giving our islands the Territorial system, they will learn our plan of government in essence, and will live under our Constitution and our general laws, so far as the latter may be applied to them. They may be allowed to retain their own codes, with such modifications as may be necessary; but they will be the better for acceptance of our system of judicial organization and administration.

If we want these new populations to become good and loyal Americans, we must not put barriers between them and us, but take them into our confidence and draw them as near to the heart of the Nation as possible. The Porto Ricans are a proud, sensitive, and intelligent people, and will quickly discover whether we mean to treat them as equals or inferiors. We need to be careful not to legislate too much or too minutely for them. I recall as pertinent to the occasion the words of General Benjamin Harrison, when he was in the United States Senate and the bill for civil government in Alaska was pending. "We are legislating," he said, "about a people in regard to whom we know very little. . . . We cannot, in legislating at this long range, be too careful not to substitute some other person's rights for the rights of those born on the soil and to whom we are bound, or ought to be bound, at least, by ties of sympathy and by ties of justice."

# Impressions of Paris in Times of Turmoil

By Hamlin Garland

AT the sound of a toy trumpet (a most undignified little squawk) the train drew out of the Calais shed into the brilliant sunlight, out upon the wide low-lying moors to the south. The sunshine was good to see after four weeks of London spring chill and damp. The air was genial; women and children were moving about bareheaded, and men with shirts opened wide at the throat were riding lead-horses of great freighting teams along the chalk-white flaming roads. Swarms of sleek cattle in generous marshes looked nonchalantly up at our panting little engine, whose falsetto whistle was like the shriek of a nervous woman. Young girls working in the light-brown soil cheered us as we moved by.

Every hillside was a crazy-quilt of little fields. At intervals we flashed by small clumps of low-built, stone-walled, tile-roofed cottages, whereto the owners of the fields were slowly centering. These cottages embowered in glittering green trees were such as artists love to paint—irregular as boulders and as indigenous.

A shepherd, clad in a long rough coat primitive as a skin, stood among his sheep and waved his rag of a hat as we plunged round a hill. Women were on every slope raking and hoeing, their unlovely backs bent low over their short-handled tools. Old men moving slowly seemed re-enacting the paintings of Millet as they paced roads definite of outline as hemmed ribbons—roads which curved away around the hills or clung to the shadow of most delicious streams.

The farm-houses seemed all in groups in some sheltered hollow, and the fields lay far away in parcels like lots in a village—mere gardens, in fact, to which the owner daily trudged. The whole land was under most intensive cultivation, but the work, as I soon saw, was done by sheer physical force and awkwardness.

The season was much more advanced than in England. The meadows were

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yellow with buttercups, the wheat was lit with the splendid flame of the poppy, the rye stood hip-high and was rippling gloriously under the genial south wind, while splendid checks and stripes of pink and purple marked where tall clover stood in bloom. Pollard willows and cottonwood-trees trimmed high lined the fields or followed the courses of slow-moving brooks deep hid in grasses.

Shaggy shepherd dogs herded sheep in the midst of these growing crops with such marvelous fidelity that nothing suffered. They seemed never to rest, but had the anxious air of careful housewives. They moved to and fro, weary but watchful, with a persistence that was almost mechanical. They seemed to express the restless care of their owners.

Altogether, the France I saw was a busy, fruitful land with a marked absence of young life. There were no boys at play, no children flecking the fields with color. Nature seemed kinder than man, and the sunlight more liberal than the laws of organized society.

In the towns (through which we flashed) I caught glimpses of many workmen in red sashes who wore a sort of modification of the sabot made in leather. Amiens seemed a big, busy city, full of industries, quite modern, yet holding in its narrow vistas roof-corners which were distinctly survivals of the mediæval; and a little way beyond, at the intersection of two roads just where the railway cut deep through a hill, a wooden image of Christ hung on a tall cross—a towering thing, ghastly as a gibbet, to testify to the superstition of these people.

As we neared Paris the country grew more wooded, and the towns more modern and to the artist less interesting. The train shuttled along with the fussy action of a mother partridge, but swift and persistent withal. The air continued beautifully clear and mild, and the southern wind had healing on its wings. It made me think of the warm electrical winds which sweep up the great Mississippi Valley. The cloudless sky became each moment bluer. Signs set in the fields like wooden flags proclaimed the business of the nearing city by recommending certain journals and wines and mustards. They were the French adaptation of American advertising enterprise.

Women—everywhere women toiling in the fields. One imagined a war to be going on, and all the men drawn away to be killed. They were all ungraceful, somber, and slow-motioned.

Then suddenly the fortified wall, and a few moments later the great station, and the customs officers, and Paris! There was an alertness and a certain sympathy on the part of these men which robbed the business of its terrors, and in a few moments, almost without trouble or delay, I found myself in a cab and driving toward my hotel.

The movement of the steeds was swift—that I felt at once. The snap of drivers' whips, the roll of wheels, the sharp patter of hoofs, the cries of street merchants (with the sad downward-dropping cadence), and the rattle of carts filled my ears, while my eyes dwelt on the long rows of buildings of uniform height, topped with mansard roofs, or caught through open gates glimpses of pleasant inner courts with flowers and fountains—and I realized with a powerful and distinct satisfaction that I was in the midst of a Latin civilization. The sun was setting, and on the walks before the cafés swarms of people sat to eat and drink, and to talk—always to talk. Certainly this was Paris.

There remained no doubt when I walked past the Opera-House an hour later and mingled with the immense streams of young men and women moving to and fro on the great boulevards, pacing the pavements, or pausing for a few moments to chat or to take a glass of absinthe before a café.

The men appealed to me at once as vivid and powerful personalities, less conventional than the Englishman and enormously more artistic and fearless of tradition. They were well dressed, often richly dressed, and in most cases quite irrespective of English fashion-plates. Many of them were dressed to their own individual fancy. Students went by with voluminous zouave trousers, their lapels concealed by an enormous tie of black silk. Others, with a beard cut to a curious twin tuft on the chin, wore hats as wide of brim as a Colorado cowboy's, and as they swung along, big, athletic fellows, they were good to see.

I felt myself to be in the presence of all Europe. No doubt representatives from

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every kingdom were there. I saw types of Prussians like Hermann Sudermann, and Norwegians like Björnson. I fancied I recognized big Russians with black wide beards, and Swedes with fair skins and pale-blue eyes. Indeed, at this time—at the height of "the season"—Paris was unquestionably the ruling place of the Occidental world.

The women were equally striking of face and manner. Tasteful of dress, composed and graceful of manner, sometimes mysterious of glance and sad and sweet of smile, they sat or strolled before the cafés in groups, their voices adding a low murmur to the rush of talk, very pleasant to the ear. The life of these boulevards seemed aboundingly dramatic, many-colored, and beauty-seeking, after the cold and gloom of London. The faces were filled with the lines that interest, with glances that provoke imagination—faces that were not to be read at a glance. Women with the faces of sad seraphs sat side by side with reckless, laughing, deceitful adventuresses and pretty, modest American girls who were eager to see, curious to know, the life of these people. Admittedly distinguished in all countries, the American girl meets her match in Paris, where even the street girl carries her skirt with the air of a duchess. Besides these were the selected types of all Europe—the demi-mondaine as well as the mondaine; and, for the most part, they were young. At least they were not gray. Beauty was the dominant attribute—love the motive.

These were the *boulevardiers:* in the days which followed I went among the people who build and maintain Paris. I trod the side streets, ate at the workingmen's tables, studied the hucksters and shopkeepers and teamsters and mechanics. I bungled at them in scraps of French, and found them kindly and polite and always amused. "I am an American," I said in explanation; and it seemed to explain. I discovered few of the signs of degeneracy which is continually alluded to by writers on Paris. In a sense, all city-dwellers are degenerates—the citizens of Paris seemed to me to be a strong and progressive people. They are dramatic and given to externalizing their emotions, but they have built and they maintain a great city, moving to their daily tasks as methodically and as systematically as any people of our day. These are the visible signs of their industry and sense of form—the great structures of stone and brick, the well-kept streets, and the great shops and warerooms.

They seemed to me to be physically superior to the great mass of the people of London—better fed and happier. In all my walks about the city I was never approached by a beggar or accosted by a woman. Around some of the churches beggars sat, but elsewhere there were few loafers and no mendicants at all. London had few beggars, but swarms of poor, thin, meager, painted little creatures, too vicious to be children, too small and slight to be really women, who laid in wait like hungry cats, literally in thousands, every night just before the theaters opened. Paris has this evil, but it takes some other method of expression.

The striking types in Paris, it seemed to me, were men of thought or skill rather than men of rank or money or fashion; and this was grateful to me. A measure of republican simplicity is maintained, apparently. The women of the merchant and mechanic class seemed to be partners in all matters of business, and, so far as I could judge, were equal partners. They were concerned in all kinds of merchandise, and spoke with authority and decision on questions of price.

The servants and clerks were self-respecting, polite without being obsequious. They carried themselves in fashion of Americans of the same condition of life. In hundreds of minute ways they showed the effect of a republican government and the absence of fixed rank. A nation that can elect (in time of trouble) as its President a man whose mother still wears the peasant dress is essentially a republic, and has my applause. They have their vicious and weak spots, these Frenchmen, but also most admirable and distinctive traits. Who are we that we should patronize them? When the Anglo-Saxon race builds and maintains a city finer than Paris, then let it point to the degeneracy of the French.

Considered at large, the compactness of the city impressed me first, and next its form. It is almost the only great city I know that has plan. Within the walls of the fortifications its streets as well as its

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buildings show foresight and design. I understood at once where we got the plan for Washington. In this city private houses are unassertive, the public buildings are many and conspicuous. The extent and dignity of them and their grounds amazes the American who is accustomed to see the palaces of millionaires the show places of his city.

Here, too, one comes into the presence of that prodigious force called Napoleon. He is a living presence in Paris. Not as warrior, but as founder and builder and lawgiver. It may be that when he is put aside as a man of war he will still loom large as a city-builder. No matter where one goes, he comes upon this or that "founded by Napoleon" or "built by order of Napoleon." England has one fine public building, the Houses of Parliament, but Paris has a dozen; but, beyond this, the city as a whole has form. All big towns are hideous, but Paris is the least hideous of them all.

Seen from the Eiffel Tower it comes nearer to being an organism than any city I have seen. The long rows of mansard roofs, the plain pink-gray or gray-white walls (free from posters), the regular succession of chimneys, give a certain unity in variety, and out of this mass rise here and there La Madeleine, Notre Dame, Des Invalides, the Napoleon tomb, and a dozen other notable buildings. This sense of form goes further—it fills the parks with admirable statuary.

It is a clean city—cleaner than London, which was surprisingly clean. Armies of men during the night put away all the refuse and turn streams of water into the gutters, making the streets fresh and sanitary of a morning. I found no slums like those in our own large cities, and I saw little of that helpless, hideous poverty which is to be found among our enormous masses of unassimilated Poles, Huns, and Slavs. There was poverty enough, and toil which was ill repaid, but the utterly forlorn, ragged, ghastly, and despairing poverty which I see in New York and Chicago did not meet my eyes in London and Paris. It may be there; I did not see it.

However, I saw and suffered by the cruelty of the drivers of Paris, who lashed their horses with a senseless spleen and needless force from morning till night. London would not permit this. The English horses are well, sound, strong, and fat. It is a pleasure to see them move with immense reserve power—intelligent, obedient, and gentle. No supervision exists in Paris. The cab horses are often (as in America) old, poor, lame, and unfit for duty, and all day the hot snap of the driver's whip rings through the streets. It was torture to me to ride behind these poor animals. This also is a Latin characteristic. The races of the South seem lacking in regard for dumb brutes.

The streets were gayer than London; talk was humorous, dramatic, gesticulatory. Every one seemed to find joy in talking. I saw no drunkenness during my stay in the city, though everybody drank wine and absinthe freely. I saw no fighting, and almost no altercation. The drinking-places opened on the street, and all drinking went on under the public eye.

The city was supposed to be passing through a political crisis, but there was little evidence of it beyond the increase of police and other guards. I felt the greatness of Paris as I walked its superb quais and saw the mighty work of preparation for the World's Exposition going on majestically while the opposition press proclaimed a revolutionary uprising—for it so happened that my visit to France was coincident with the judgment in favor of Captain Dreyfus, the return of Major Marchand, and the assault on the President. These were exciting events, but down at Ferté Sous Jouarre the milkman came regularly to the door, the women led their cows to pasture, and the stone-cutters plied their hammers as though no revolutionary royalists existed.

From the peace and beauty of this little village I returned to stand by the Napoleon arch and watch the people returning from the races, where an excitable royalist had leaped upon the President with cane uplifted. The stream of carriages, automobiles, bicycles, was broad and swift, but there was little sign of excitement in the faces of the men. They all looked tired and dusty and a little bored. The pedestrians were equally calm and much more weary.

Then, too, I mixed with the immense crowd gathered to hear Major Marchand, explorer and representative of the army. I heard then for the first time the curious

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pattering sound of French cheering, and listened with joy as they sang the Marseillaise—sang it till it rolled in majestic waves from street to street; they voiced it as the negroes sing their superb religious chants, and my blood leaped at its musical appeal.

Yet among these thirty thousand people nine out of every ten men were as little concerned in the demonstration as I. They were critical and amused, and discussed it in low voices, while some hundreds of youths and excitables cried, "*Rat-a-plan! rat-a-plan! Vive l'Armée! Vive Marchand!*" like the hired claque in a theater. They were not the people of Paris.

My respect for the French and their Government increased during the week that followed. No one, so far as I could see, neglected his business or went out of his way to see what was going on—no one except outsiders like myself. The assault upon the President produced less excitement than distant readers might suppose. The people seemed to think, "Well, the Government will take care of itself—let us to our tasks." The great city went calmly forward buying, selling, hammering, trafficking, while platoons of guards clattered to and fro, and a cordon of soldiers was drawn around the Palace of Justice to defend it from a mob of curious outsiders longing to see a French Revolution all over again.

On the following Sunday, according to announcement, President Loubet again attended the races, to show that he had confidence in the people, and that he well understood the weakness of those who had assaulted him. Great things promised, and I was up early to see the preparations for his defense. It was plain that the Minister of Police did not intend to have any more assaults on the Government. All the morning squadron after squadron of mounted men went by to the west—resolute and martial fellows they were, too. Groups of policemen were to be seen on every street, making their leisurely way toward the Champs d'Elysées. Cuirassiers in glittering armor moved past with less speed, feeling their spectacular qualities a little, and took positions at the intersection of streets, until at last nearly fifteen thousand troops, foot, horse, and dragoons, were in position, guarding the road which the President was to ride and hedging the box in which he was to sit. Whatever the hidden design of the Minister and Chief of Police may have been, they succeeded in making a most impressive spectacle for sightseers like Israel Zangwill and myself, and together we rode down the avenue toward the race-track, enjoying to the full the splendid color and movement of the soldiery and crowd. It was impressive to look upon that changing, wavering, glittering ribbon of carriages—purple-black on a terra-cotta ground, with banks of green trees—leading to the stately Arc de Triomphe.

Suddenly the flame of a row of helmets lit the hill. Loud shouts arose. The clatter of swift horses grew sharper, and soon, preceded by a squad of cavalry, the President, a pleasant, handsome, smiling man, with gray hair and full beard, swept by. We had hardly time to cry "Vive Loubet!" before the crowd closed in behind him and he was lost to sight.

On the race-course a tremendous crowd was massed—a great robe of purple-black on the vivid green of the sward. Out of the somber masses of men the ladies shone like lilies and poppies, and their translucent silken parasols of pink and red and blue were like bubbles iridescent and shifting in the wind.

Soldiers were everywhere. A solid line of infantry kept both sides of the course before the grand stand, and a squad of mounted guards rode slowly back and forth within the line of infantry. Naturally under such circumstances the running of a half-dozen horses was not of absorbing interest. They ran out like figures in a dream. No one seemed to care which color came in first. All seemed to wait the moment when some foolish royalist would start the revolution by shouting, "Down with Loubet!"

Nothing of the kind happened. Cheers for the President broke forth wherever he went—not wildly enthusiastic applause, but expressing good will. The races were run, the President re-entered his carriage. The guards leaped to place. The cheers were renewed, the lines of guards began to double into squads, the carriage rolled away, and the race-course became as quiet as a meadow. The revolution had missed fire.

Personally I was glad to have seen this display of force, for the reason that it gave

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me a chance to see the various arms of the police and military forces, and to study a moving and brilliant spectacle. Others seemed to enjoy it also, but the President considered it useless—so it was reported.

I returned to the city to find it quite in its ordinary Sunday humor, busied with its own affairs. The crowd at the races had not been missed. I felt again that France was able to take care of herself. The Republic is not to be overthrown by the outcries of a few excitable heirs of worn-out titles. It is to me singularly impressive that in the midst of monarchical Europe President Loubet can come from a peasant's cottage and meet such a crisis as this with dignity and honor.

# Tutuila: Its People and its Harbor

By Hugh H. Lusk

TUTUILA, the Samoan island which by agreement with Great Britain and Germany has become part of America's extended territory, is the least familiar island of the group to any but its own people. With the exception of the missionaries who live at one end of the island, it is doubtful whether almost any foreigners have examined it with any degree of care. The reason was the obvious one that of the three larger islands it was the least accessible, and held out the least prospect of advantage to strangers. Compared with the other two islands it is small, being only eighteen miles long by at the most six miles broad, and in addition it consists entirely of a mountainous ridge from which spurs descend abruptly to the shore on both sides. The ridge may be nearly nine hundred feet above the sea-level at the eastern end, but falls to four or five hundred feet at the western end of the island, which is consequently the most available for the very simple cultivation carried on by the natives in the little valleys or glens that divide the spurs. The mountain range lies nearer the southern than the northern side of Tutuila, and in consequence the slope to the southern shore is so abrupt as to be in many places almost precipitous. The whole island is covered with a dense tropical vegetation which covers it from the beach to the hill-tops with all the beautiful forms and gorgeous coloring characteristic of its situation, which is just within the fourteenth parallel of southern latitude.

It is understood that the harbor of Pango-Pango, incorrectly spelled Pago-Pago on the charts, has been regarded by the American authorities as the principal reason why they should not abandon this island to any other power. And so far as the harbor itself, merely considered as a place of refuge for vessels, is concerned, there can be no doubt that it is valuable to any nation likely to have vessels in the neighborhood. The harbor lies near the southeastern end of the island, and is perhaps half a mile long by nearly the same breadth. It is, in fact, almost circular in form, and is manifestly the sunken crater of a long-extinct volcano which once, no doubt, occupied the crest of a mountain. It is in some respects not unlike the harbor of Aden at the mouth of the Red Sea, with the difference that at Pango-Pango there is a good deal less that can be called a beach between the deep water and the mountain slope. There is, in fact, hardly any level ground at all, the only place where any is visible being at the eastern end, where a very narrow strip of beach leaves room for a landing-place, and might be used for sheds where coal could be stored for use. It is possible to get down to the harbor of Pango-Pango from the landward side at, I believe, two points, and these native paths, it is probable, could be so improved as to enable mules to traverse them; but this would, as far as appearances go at least, be about the most that could be done. The entrance to the harbor is rather narrow, but very deep and perfectly safe, and in this respect it may be said to be the very best harbor in that part of the South Pacific. It passes between two high bluffs, so situated that one overlaps the other, and so secures perfectly calm water within, even in the stormiest weather.

To render Tutuila of any service as a possession to this country two things will be

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requisite. In the first place, Pango-Pango must be fortified to some extent; and, in the second, the natives must be made to submit to some degree of control. If the first is neglected, the harbor itself will be of little or no use in the future, as it has been in the past. Its main, if not its only, advantage will be as a station for coaling war-ships, there being no other American commerce possible at Tutuila; and for this purpose it is manifest that it must be made defensible. This, no doubt, can very easily be done, though of course it will involve the need of a garrison in that distant and isolated group, the extent of which will entirely depend on the position we occupy towards the natives of the island. If they are friendly to our rule, and willing to obey the orders of our representative, a very small garrison would suffice; but if not, a very serious danger will be likely to arise. To understand this it is necessary to comprehend something both of the character and traditions of the natives. From the size and character of the island it will readily be understood that the natives are not very numerous, but it is estimated that there are about five thousand inhabitants, of whom very nearly one-half may be considered fighting men. They are an unusually fine race of people, remarkable for their bravery, strength, and activity. Fighting is at once the great excitement and amusement of the men, and guns—the best they can obtain—are their most valued treasures. In such a country as their own they would be a formidable enemy, as, indeed, all experience has shown in the past. They are also a people accustomed to personal freedom, and would deeply resent any attempt to coerce them, or to introduce civilized novelties in government which they did not understand. With such a people, it is evident that much care must be exercised in dealing even in any steps taken merely to secure our own position on the island as its owners. This, however, is by no means the most serious aspect of the matter under the new régime.

The natives of Tutuila are the same people that occupy the larger island of Upolo, which lies just beyond the strait to the northward. Their chiefs and people, indeed, have always owed and rendered allegiance to the high chief or "Malietoa" of Upolo, and have been accustomed to cross over, when required, to his assistance in time of war. If the truth were known, it would almost certainly be found that there were many warriors of Tutuila engaged on one side or the other in the late fighting over the succession to the native kingship. Now that the nations who agreed to protect the natives in the exercise of their own government have handed them over to the sovereignty of Germany, it is very much more than likely that the attempt to enforce sovereignty by German methods will lead to chronic warfare in the islands; it is certainly no exaggeration to say that it is almost certain to do so at first. If there is war on Upolo, warriors are nearly sure to go from Tutuila to the help of their own people; and if they are known to do so, many troublesome questions may arise between our Government and that of Germany. It will be no easy task to gain such a control over the natives of Tutuila as will prevent this, and it is perhaps the most doubtful aspect of the transaction by which this country makes itself responsible for the conduct of its new subjects, who are yet subjects only in name.

To self-government of an uncivilized type the people of Samoa have always been accustomed, and, so far as they understood what it meant, they were very competent to carry it into effect; self-government, as we understand the term, will be a difficult art for them to acquire. In one respect, indeed, the task will be comparatively easy, because there will be no mixed population in Tutuila. The island will never be exploited, for the simple reason that it has no resources to exploit. There are no lands to cultivate excepting the little patches on which the natives grow their yams and sweet potatoes, in the shallow gullies between the spurs; there can be no mineral treasures in a little island which is wholly volcanic in origin; there is no prospect of trade with a people who are without any product for exchange except a few tons of dried cocoanut, which is generally exchanged, more or less openly, for firearms and ammunition. There is nothing, indeed, at Tutuila but a fine though inaccessible harbor, and a native problem on a small scale. Both, indeed, may prove useful to the American people, but it is not impossible that both may cost as much as they are worth.

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# Napoleon's Invasion of Russia[1]

THIS book is written from the English point of view. Mr. George not only can see no virtues in Napoleon, he reluctantly concedes to him ability. This is fatal to a just estimate of the chief characters in the drama. For this misjudgment of Napoleon leads to a misjudgment of Kustusov, the Russian commander-in-chief, whose refusal to bring on a general engagement with Napoleon on the latter's retreat from Moscow puzzles Mr. George, who thinks it due either to incompetence, timidity, or political considerations. But while these English prejudices prevent a sound judgment concerning the men, they do not prevent a scholarly investigation of the events and a careful and apparently quite trustworthy account of them. Despite his personal prejudice, Mr. George's monograph is, so far as we know, the best work in the English language from which to obtain an accurate account of the great tragedy in Napoleon's dramatic career. It is accompanied by admirable maps which make the descriptions of both battles and marches clear to the non-expert; and it is at once scholarly in its materials and dramatic in its use of them.

The Napoleonic campaigns were a conflict between a passionate, uneducated, ungovernable democracy, and an unscrupulous, inert, and not very intelligent aristocracy. Napoleon, though a modern Cæsar, represented democracy; Pitt, though an Anglo-Saxon, represented aristocracy; and, despite Waterloo and the defeat of Napoleon, democracy triumphed. It triumphed because, after the shaking which feudalism received, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and from the Atlantic Ocean to the western boundary of Russia, it could never recover its old stability. But the democracy which Napoleon represented was French democracy—the democracy born of the Revolution of which Napoleon was himself a child. And neither the democracy nor its leader was truly sane. Napoleon's genius is indisputable; but it was the genius which is akin to madness. Moral stability he had none. He had generous sentiments but no conscience, and the only law he knew was that of his own will. His victories made him the idol of his people; and their idolatry intensified his egotism until it became an uncontrollable passion. He was an absolute despot fighting for democracy. At best he is an enigma; but students of history would not have found the enigma quite so perplexing if they had recognized the fact that human history abounds in such contradictions. They are common enough in daily life; it is only when they are seen on a gigantic stage, as in the beginning of the present century, that they apparently put both the historian and the philosopher at defiance.

On the land Napoleon regarded himself as invincible, and his achievements seemed to render this self-estimate not unreasonable. But on the sea Great Britain was invincible; her supremacy there was settled by the victory won over the allied fleets at Trafalgar. Her island isolation was a sufficient protection against invasion. Napoleon did, indeed, contemplate an invasion, but even his self-will was not proof against the insuperable difficulties of the undertaking. To blockade her ports was impossible; the alternative was a continental embargo on her exports. To make this effective all Europe must unite in it; to make all Europe unite in it he must control all Europe. And after the peace of Tilsit he apparently did control all Europe: all but Russia by fear; Russia by—what? Did Napoleon's personal magnetism win Alexander I. to his views? or did the Russian and the Frenchman really consent to divide Europe between them and control it by a sort of partnership between the most despotic and the most democratic government of Europe? or did the dreamy Russian outwit the passionate and active Frenchman by promising everything and giving nothing, all the while expecting to give nothing but promises? Whichever it was, the partnership formed at Tilsit did not last. It is easier now to see that it could not have lasted than it was then to foresee its dissolution. To reduce England to submission Napoleon must be able to control all

[1] *Napoleon's Invasion of Russia.* By Hereford B. George. New Amsterdam Book Company, New York. $4.



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Europe; to control all Europe he must control Russia: this is the secret of the Moscow campaign.

Nor was his expectation that he could control Russia so wild as it now seems to have been. Alexander I. was apparently not made of heroic stuff. His counselors were divided in sentiment. His Prime Minister was in favor of an alliance with France. It is even now difficult to see why the interests of Russia would not have been favored by such an alliance. That political prejudices between an absolute State and a quasi-democratic State are no serious impediment to an alliance between the two has been demonstrated in our time by the Russo-French alliance, and by the cordial relations which have always existed between Russia and the United States. It would seem that the more nearly nations resemble each other in constitutional characteristics the more liable they are to mutual jealousies and suspicions. An Anglo-Saxon alliance has to be maintained in spite of commercial rivalry; a Russian-American alliance is almost self-maintained. Probably Napoleon at first did not expect that any campaign against Russia would be necessary. He anticipated that the mere preparation for it would suffice; then that threatening her borders would bring propositions for peace; then that the first defeat of her army would secure submission. It is certain that he expected an uprising of the Poles, and probable that he anticipated an uprising of the serfs, and imagined that the mere danger of such uprisings would be sufficient to bring the Czar to terms. But the Poles gave him no help; the serfs made no movement toward independence. They did not know what liberty meant, and do not now know. They only knew that war robbed them of their crops and cattle, and they hated the men who had brought on this robbery. In the subsequent retreat the peasants were to the stragglers as cruel and unscrupulous as were the Cossacks.

If Napoleon miscalculated the weaknesses of the Russian Empire, he equally miscalculated its strength. The mercurial, enthusiastic, and active Frenchman could not understand the phlegmatic, silent, slow-moving Russian. It was the avalanche against the glacier. To the vehement attack of the one the other interposed a stolid resistance which nothing could overcome. After each successive advance Napoleon waited, expecting overtures for peace—and waited in vain. He was sure that they would come after the capture of Smolensk; then after the victory of Borodino; then after the surrender at Moscow. After the capture of the latter capital he not only waited for overtures, he made what were scarcely disguised overtures himself. There was but one reply: No terms with the French while a hostile French soldier remains on Russian soil. The declaration of the Czar that, though Napoleon captured both capitals and overran European Russia, the Czar would but retreat to Siberia, and wait the inevitable withdrawal from an occupancy which could not be continued forever, would certainly have been fulfilled. In his eyes the consent of Kustusov even to receive an envoy from Napoleon was a serious offense, though there were strategic as well as political reasons for keeping alive Napoleon's delusions by such reception.

There is no conquering such a foe because there is no fighting with him. Napoleon could not remain in Russia forever. Every victory he won made his ultimate defeat only the more terrible. It would have been better for him to have been compelled to retreat from before the gates of Moscow, still better if he had been beaten at Borodino, better yet if he had been compelled to abandon his purpose at Smolensk, and best of all if his advance had been stopped on the border, at Vilna. If he had taken counsel of his pride at Moscow, as at one time it seemed possible he might, and had gone on to St. Petersburg and captured it, he would never have recrossed the border, and Waterloo would never have been fought. Mr. George criticises Kustusov for not being more expeditious and aggressive when Napoleon's retreat began. We think that Mr. George is in error. If men were pawns, he would be right; but they are men, and the attempt to do with Russian men in attack on the French what Napoleon could have done with Frenchmen in attack on the Russians would have been a blunder. For this reason Kustusov was a better general than Barclay, his predecessor in command—because he was himself a Russian, understood the Russian

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character better, and knew instinctively what Russians could do and what were their limitations. A more aggressive general in Kustusov's place, with more aggressive soldiers than the Russian conscripts, might perhaps have annihilated Napoleon on his retreat at Maloyaroslavetz or at Viasma; but it is doubtful whether any general could have done so with Russian soldiers, still more doubtful whether Kustusov could have done so. The waiting policy was the wise one.

To discuss what might have been is profitless. Victor Hugo's interpretation of Waterloo is also the interpretation of the Russian invasion: "Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed." The invasion of Russia was necessary to complete the destruction of feudalism which the Revolution had initiated in France and which the Napoleonic campaigns continued for the rest of Europe. In this respect he did for the Continent what Cromwell had done for England. But he had not the power to construct where he destroyed. Possibly a more conservative republicanism in France joining forces with a more masterful liberalism in England might have changed the character of Europe at less cost of human life. But with England what England was, and France what France was, no one in Napoleon's place could have reconstructed the institutions of Europe in Napoleon's time—least of all such a man as Napoleon. He overthrew feudalism in all western Europe. If there had been any beginnings of democratic life in Russia, he might have overthrown it there. As it is, out of the travail of that epoch were born for all lands in Europe, except the land of the Czar, representative government and the beginnings of popular institutions.

# Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.*

**Austen, Jane, Her Contemporaries and Herself.** By Walter Herries Pollock. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 12mo. 125 pages. $1.25.

This is not a book for the general reader, but for the student of this charming novelist; it is a study of the biographical material about her which has been given to the world, of her relations to her contemporaries, and of the qualities and characteristics of some of those contemporaries. It is not, in other words, a complete narrative, but a contribution, prepared with care and intelligence, to the general literature of the Jane Austen period.

**Authors, A Group of Old.** By Clyde Furst. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 16mo. 199 pages. $1.

Mr. Furst presents in this volume five studies of characters so far apart as Doctor Donne and Adhelm, and of subjects so far apart as "The Voyage of Saint Brendan," "Beowulf," and "Griselda." The study of Doctor Donne, under the title "A Gentleman of King James' Day," is sketchy but distinct in outline. It touches many points rapidly, but with a firm touch, insight, and knowledge; with the result of bringing Doctor Donne before us in a much more comprehensible form than many elaborate essayists have been able to do. The chapters, though brief and popular in statement, are full of promising quality.

**Baldwin Primer, The.** By May Kirk. (Illustrated.) The American Book Co., New York. Sq. 4to. 128 pages. 30c.

**Bible, The Divine Origin of the.** By R. A. Torrey. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 93 pages. 50c.

We would maintain as vigorously as Mr. Torrey the divine origin, authority, and power of the Bible. But we would remind him that men of equal piety and learning—Christian scholars, whom he seems not to distinguish from "destructive critics"—maintain it as earnestly as he, while deprecating the recoil of the extravagant assertions which he makes concerning the absolute inerrancy of the Scriptures.

**Beyond the Hills of Dream.** By W. Wilfred Campbell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 137 pages. $1.25.

**Blue Jackets of '98.** By Willis John Abbot. (Illustrated.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 367 pages. $1.50.

Certainly the "Blue Jackets" series would be incomplete without a volume on the naval achievements of the Spanish-American War. The book is thoroughly readable—crisp and concise in style, clear and continuous in narrative, well written and well put together. It abounds in picturesque and dramatic incidents. It is free from any air of being written down for boyish comprehension, and for that very reason is a capital book for boys.

**Botanizing.** By William Whitman Bailey, A.M. The Preston & Rounds Co., Providence, R. I. (Illustrated.) 16mo. 142 pages.

**British Isles, The, Through an Opera-Glass.** By Charles M. Taylor, Jr. (Illustrated.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 320 pages. $2.

Matter evidently designed for the author's home consumption.

**Cabin and Field, Poems of.** By Paul Laurence Dunbar. (Illustrated.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 125 pages. $1.50.

This is a delightful book from every point of view. Mr. Dunbar has touched the life of his people with more humor, deeper sympathy, and truer sense of pathos than any other poet who has attempted to deal with the subject. In more than one of his dialect poems he has shown himself a poet of genuine, though not of the highest,

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quality. This volume contains a few of his most characteristic songs, with a series of illustrations made from the life by the Hampton Institute Camera Club. These illustrations bring before the eye the negro as he looks and lives in the South, with glimpses of Southern fields, roads, bits of landscape, character studies, and very effective groups. The decorations, which are entirely in keeping, are by Miss Alice Morse.

**Canterbury, Historical Memorials of.** By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. Second American Edition. (Illustrated.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 361 pages. $3.

**Chemistry, Its Evolution and Achievements.** By Ferdinand G. Wiechmann, Ph.D. William R. Jenkins, New York. 16mo. 176 pages.

**Chief Things, The.** By the Rev. A. W. Snyder. Second Series. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 12mo. 195 pages.

**Children for Christ, Our.** By Doremus Scudder. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 32 pages. Paper bound, 10c.

**Christmas Was Kept in Heaven, How.** By Rev. Norman Plass. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 41 pages. 50c.

**Christmas, The First.** By Lew Wallace. Harper & Bros., New York. (Little Books by Famous Authors.) 140 pages. 50c.

**Civil War, History of The.** (1861–1865.) By James Schouler. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 647 pages. $2.25.

**Cobwebs from a Library Corner.** By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Bros., New York. (Little Books by Famous Authors.) 101 pages. 50c.

**Colossus, The.** By Morley Roberts. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 317 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Morley Roberts might appropriately have enlarged the title of his strong and suggestive novel to "The Colossus of Rhodes." The book is not so much a novel as a character-appreciation of the Rt. Hon. Cecil Rhodes, who appears as "Eustace Loder." He is indeed a colossus, but he has many another apt title—"Buddha on a cane throne," "The Caryatid of Empire," "A movable England," "The colonizing grabbing instinct made concrete," "England out on business," and "The British buyer and bagman." We learn that Mr. Rhodes's religion "lies in having something done and done now," but we also learn—and here is the pith of the novel—"as well might a woman make love to a mass-meeting." Mr. Rhodes is popularly supposed to have had one love affair, a long time ago, which has kept him a bachelor because the woman married another man. Whether that be so or not, Mr. Roberts endeavors to show that Mr. Rhodes's Achilles-heel might be found in a possible relation with some woman, who would match his masculine masterfulness by a truly feminine strategy. Not "all women, however, lead artificial lives," as the novelist says, and we think that his heroine might have been a shade more womanly. The minor characters in the novel are fairly well done, but the disguises on all the characters are thin indeed. One easily recognizes in them the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Cromer, and others. While the novel gives some interesting inside knowledge as to the difficulty of launching the Cape-Cairo railway enterprise, the whole book has rather too oppressive an atmosphere of cynicism and materialism. As a psychological study, however, it is admirable.

**Crime and Criminals.** By J. Sanderson Christison, M.D. (Illustrated.) Second Edition. J. S. Christison, Chicago. 8vo. 177 pages. $1.25.

**De Willoughby Claim, In Connection with the.** By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 445 pages. $1.50.

In part Mrs. Burnett's story is simple and natural; in part it is overwrought and melodramatic. Two characters make it enjoyable and move the reader's sympathies—the lumbering and big-hearted Tom De Willoughby and the faithful negro Matt; others of the characters are morbid and repellent. When the author is most earnest she is least effective, for then her writing becomes high-keyed and approaches the hysterical. In short, the reader is at times brought close to genuine and lovable humanity; at times led through intensely disagreeable and tragical phases of life presented in an unconvincing way.

**Dickens, Characters from.** (An instructive game.) Compiled by Mrs. Olivia Dealey, Dallas, Tex.

**Echoes of Greek Idyls.** By Lloyd Mifflin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 78 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Lloyd Mifflin has shown in two previous volumes poetic gifts of a genuine kind. In this volume he presents a group of delightful translations or renderings from Bion, Moschus, and Bacchylides. The two forms with which he deals, the idyl and the ode, are handled with an ease, grace, and firmness which confirm the impression made by Mr. Mifflin's earlier work. One has but to compare "The Lament for Adonis" with Mrs. Browning's rendering to perceive its superiority. Mr. Mifflin ought now to give us Theocritus. He has qualities which would enable him to transpose Theocritus from the Greek to the English without sacrificing his characteristic penetrating charm. This little volume is a real contribution to American books, since it brings some of the choicest Greek song into our literature in worthy forms.

**Edgar Livingston.** By Edmond Gastineau. The National Publishing Co., New York. 327 pages. Paper bound, 50c.

**English Poets, Twelve.** By Blanche Wilder Bellamy. Ginn & Co., Boston. 8vo. 513 pages. 50c.

**Evangelism, The New, and Other Addresses.** By Henry Drummond. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 284 pages. $1.50.

**Family of the Sun, The.** By Edward S. Holden, LL.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Appletons' Home Reading Books.) Edited by William T. Harris, A.M., LL.D. 16mo. 252 pages. 50c.

This book, like the others of this series, is intended for supplementary reading at home, to the regular school work. The present volume of this series is well illustrated and gives the kind of information that creates a desire for greater knowledge.

**Field, Kate.** By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 610 pages. $2.

This record of Miss Kate Field's life is in miniature panoramic of the period between 1838, the year in which she was born in St. Louis, Mo., and 1898, the year of her death in Honolulu. In the index to this volume are found the names of leaders in every walk of life at home and abroad, and the letters which make up the largest part of the book reflect the thought of these men and women on the affairs of the day. Books, music, art, politics, the playful interchange of thought, in these letters—all make the pictures of the times vivid and varied. Many of Miss Field's own letters are published, and some of her articles. The editor, an intimate friend, has been careful to show the influences that played upon a mind of unusual gifts and an impulsive nature. The life of Kate Field will always be interesting, for it covers the period of transition in the history of woman in this country. The entire absence of self-consciousness is shown in her letters. There was something she wanted to do, and she did it. Her failures were few. Her versatility was sympathetic rather than creative. Every evil and injustice aroused her indignation and awoke an intense desire to throw herself into the work to rid the world of its presence. This was the mainspring of her power, the reason her life-record must always be interesting.

**Fisher by the Sea, The.** By Mrs. Woods Baker. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 24mo. 47 pages. Paper bound, 20c.

**For the Freedom of the Sea.** By Cyrus Townsend Brady. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 339 pages. $1.50.

A virile, patriotic romance of the War of 1812. The novel confirms the excellent impression made by Dr. Brady's

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first book, "For Love of Country." The fight of the Constitution and the Guerriere is told with admirable spirit and dash. Both the historic and fictitious characters are clearly brought out; in short, no better American sea story has been told recently.

**Geschichten vom Rhein.** By Menco Stern. The American Book Co., New York. 16mo. 272 pages.

**German Prose Composition, Materials for.** By Max Poll, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 12mo. 168 pages. 90c.

**Goldsmith, Oliver. A Memoir.** By Austin Dobson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 16mo. 270 pages. $1.25.

**Goodness of St. Rocque, The.** By Alice Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 16mo. 224 pages. $1.

This collection of short stories of the creoles is strong. Each story palpitates with life. They are somber, but have the color of life among those who have little to waste or give but themselves.

**Grand Mademoiselle, The.** By James Eugene Farmer, M.A. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 337 pages. $1.25.

**Heidi.** By Frau Johanna Spyri. Translated by Helen B. Dole. (Illustrated.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 16mo. 363 pages. 75c.

This book has reached its thirteenth edition in Germany. The story is that of a little child on the Swiss mountains, whose life is the natural expression of a deeply spiritual nature knowing only the law of kindness. It is adapted to the comprehension of children from seven to ten years old.

**Highest Andes, The.** By E. A. Fitz Gerald. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Large 8vo. 390 pages. $6.

"The Highest Andes" means, of course, America's loftiest mountain, Aconcagua. Mr. Fitz Gerald's superbly printed and illustrated book includes an account of the first ascent of this mighty mountain, and also of the first ascent of Tupungato, and of the exploration of the surrounding valleys. The narrative is, at times, rather too exhaustive for the general reader, but for geographists and mountain experts it is full of interest. The valuable appendices give detailed information as to the rocks, fossils, and natural history of the district, to which there is added an account of the boundary dispute between Chili and the Argentine Republic.

**Honey-Makers, The.** By Margaret Warner Morley. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 424 pages. $1.50.

The structure, habits, and product of the bee are the subjects of the first half of this book, with illustrations showing the anatomy of bees of many families. The legends and folk-lore concerning the bees are the second part, with a chapter on bee-culture at present.

**Human Boy, The.** By Eden Phillpotts. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 242 pages. $1.25.

This is a new field for Mr. Phillpotts, whose novels, and especially "Children of the Mist," are rather slowly but continuously gaining for him a high place among English writers of fiction. As an amusing study of school-boy life these stories have a naturalness and raciness that make them genuinely human, genuinely boyish, and genuinely amusing. They have something of the quality of F. Anstey's "Vice Versa," without the topsy-turviness of that fantasy; if they have not the vigor of Mr. Kipling's "Stalky" stories, they are free from the disagreeable features which have offended many readers of those tales. Mr. Phillpotts has no greater love for a boyish prig than has Mr. Kipling, but he does not attack the race so fiercely.

**Iron Star, The.** By John Preston True. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 146 pages. $1.50.

This book in a most attractive narrative form tells the story of the evolution of man from the prehistoric age, his mastery of metals till they served his purpose. The story begins with a brother and sister about whom the tribe collects. It closes when the sword whose history is enfolded with that of man is deposited in Plymouth, Mass. The knowledge of the writer is so permeated with the imaginative quality that his story reads like an enchanting novel.

**Jane and John, The Wonderful Stories of.** By Gertrude Smith. (Illustrated.) Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 74 pages. $1.50.

This story is an extravaganza. The illustrations in colors are beautiful, and free from the absurdities of the text.

**Janice Meredith.** By Paul Leicester Ford. (Illustrated Holiday Edition.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 2 vols. in box. $5.

**Just About a Boy.** By Walter S. Phillips. (El Comancho.) Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 169 pages. $1.25.

A boy's out-of-door life in the companionship of an adult who loves not only the boy, but boy nature, has found a sympathetic recorder in these pages. Many hunting, camping, and fishing hints are given.

**Kentucky's Famous Feuds and Tragedies.** By Charles G. Mutzenbergh. The Hyden Publishing Co., Hyden, Ky. 183 pages. Paper bound, 50c.

**Latter-Day Religions, Some.** By George Hamilton Combs. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 261 pages. $1.25.

The term "religions" is here made to include, along with some undoubted forms of religion, as Mormonism and Christian Science, some substitutes for religion, as Pessimism and Materialism. Mr. Combs writes well, and also incisively—more so at times than judicially. If, for instance, he had treated Æstheticism and Liberalism with the just discrimination that marks his treatment of Socialism, the whole truth would have fared better.

**La Tulipe Noire.** By Alexandre Dumas. Abridged and Annotated by Edgar Ewing Brandon, A.M. The American Book Co., New York. 12mo. 156 pages. 40c.

**Late Mrs. Null, The.** By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Shenandoah Edition. Vol. I. 8vo. 401 pages. $2.

Mr. Stockton is now to have the recognition of his popularity in the form of a complete edition of his stories, brought out with the taste and enduring qualities which have stamped its earlier companion editions bearing the imprint of the same publishers. The Shenandoah Edition derives its name from the region in which Mr. Stockton now resides, and to which he is greatly attached. It is to be printed by De Vinne—which means that it will be as well printed as it can be—on light-weight paper with deckel edges, and bound in dark-green silk, with gilt edges; the magnolia serving for the motive of the cover design. The edition, when complete, will consist of eighteen octavo volumes, each one to contain a frontispiece and photogravure, printed on Japan paper, from drawings from many of the best-known American illustrators, including Mr. Frost, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Newell and Mr. Herter. The edition is to be sold by subscription only, and in sets, and will be issued at the rate of two volumes a month. These books, like those from the same publishers which contain the work of Mr. Barrie Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. Kipling, are models of elegant and substantial book-making.

**Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate: Reminiscences and Recollections of the Right Reverend Henry Benjamin Whipple.** (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 576 pages. $5.

**Little Wanderers.** By Margaret Warner Morley. Ginn & Co., Boston. (Illustrated.) 107 pages. 45c.

**Living, The Cost of.** By Ellen H. Richards. (First Edition.) John Wiley & Sons, New York. 12mo. 121 pages.

The author of this book is an acknowledged authority on domestic economics. The books written to show how the people living on five hundred dollars a year and less may live better and save money if the housewife would study food values and apply that knowledge in provision-

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ing her family, are legion. This book is written for the people whose incomes are from two to five thousand dollars a year. The author preaches the gospel of plain living and high thinking, while accepting the new standards for living at the close of this century. The economy preached is one of adjustment and proportion, not of barrenness of life in favor of a bank account.

**Maine, Stories of.** By Sophie Swett. The American Book Co., New York. 8vo. 278 pages. 60c.

These stories vividly illustrate Maine's evolution from a wilderness to one of the most civilized and interesting of the United States. They also add not inconsiderably to our knowledge of New England and border history.

**Man and His Message, The (Addresses).** By Henry M. Booth, D.D., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 163 pages. 75c.

The title is that of Dr. Booth's inaugural when inducted into the office of President and Professor of Practical Theology in Auburn Seminary in 1893. Following this are the six addresses given to graduating classes. Beloved as a pastor, distinguished as a preacher, noble as a man, the highest qualities of the lamented author pervade these his latest utterances, and commend them to all winners of souls. Dr. Booth's view that the Atonement is the central doctrine of Christianity has given to preachers an undeniable power. But to infer from this that they are right is premature, until it has been discovered whether an equal power, with even more of breadth, may not be realized by taking for the central truth the fact of the divine Incarnation.

**Memory Culture, Lectures on.** By Dr. Edward Pick, Ph.D., M.A. E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York. 8vo. 147 pages. $1.

In a book of small compass Dr. Pick gives us his ideas on memory culture. Some are evidently good; others, to the tyro at least, seem appalling. The author's style in their presentment betrays at times a strong consciousness of his own identity.

**Milton's Shorter Poems and Sonnets.** Edited by Frederick Day Nichols, A.B. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) 16mo. 153 pages. 40c.

The editor has produced a valuable text-book. The biographical notes and the literary and analytical notes give an introduction to this great poet that cannot fail of creating a desire for a deeper knowledge of his works.

**Mistress Penwick.** By Dutton Payne. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 8vo. 391 pages. $1.50.

**Monster, The, and Other Stories.** By Stephen Crane. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 12mo. 189 pages. $1.25.

Two realistic tales of horror, and one realistic tale of child life. The first are aimlessly repellent and unpleasant; the last a truthful reflection of boyhood, but purely commonplace.

**Old Testament, General Introduction to the.** By William Henry Green, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 190 pages. $1.50.

This volume has been preceded by one on the Canon, and is written with the amplitude of learning which belongs to its distinguished author. The point which Dr. Green undertakes to hold is that, besides the scrupulous accuracy with which the Hebrew text has been maintained—as all scholars admit—since the second century, A.D., a standard text existed before the Christian era, at the time when the Septuagint version in Greek was made. The argument against this from the variations of the Greek version he meets by ascribing laxity to the translators. This hardly seems to meet the case as presented by Professor W. R. Smith in his "Old Testament in the Jewish Church."

**Other Wise Man, The Story of the.** By Henry van Dyke. Harper & Bros., New York. (Little Books by Famous Authors.) 70 pages. 50c.

**Pompeii, Its Life and Art.** By August Mau. Translated by Francis W. Kelsey. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 509 pages. $6.

**Plays: A Brown Paper Parcel; Hazel Kirke; Young Mrs. Winthrop; Aunt Minerva; "Confederated;" A Pair of Spectacles; The Lancashire Sailor; Hearts; Snowball; Married for Money; Our Regiment.** Samuel French, New York. 15c. and 25c. each.

**Puritan, The, as a Colonist and a Reformer.** By Ezra Hoyt Byington. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 375 pages. $2.

This is a companion book to the author's highly commended work, "The Puritan in England and New England." The aim is more to diffuse correct knowledge and judgment than to bring forward fresh facts or new criticisms. The oft-told facts of the colonization are well digested, and related in a lucid narrative. Special prominence is given to the missionary motive of the enterprise. The heart of the book is in the work of Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, which is related at length and with enthusiasm. The author's view of the Puritan as a reformer has been mainly in the line of religious reformation, especially manifest in Jonathan Edwards's time. The concluding chapter criticises Shakespeare's indifference to the Puritan movement of his time.

**Remember the Maine.** By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D. (Illustrated.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 329 pages. $1.25.

**Rose Island.** By W. Clark Russell. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 359 pages. $1.25.

**Royal Navy, The.** Vol. IV. By William Laird Clowes. (Assisted by Sir Clements Markham, Captain A. T. Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt, and others.) (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Royal 8vo. 624 pages. $6.50.

The high standard set by former volumes as to typography and illustration is maintained; the volume is really sumptuous; the frontispiece is an admirable and before unpublished photogravure portrait of Nelson, and there are many other excellent portraits and spirited battle scenes. The period covered by the volume is that between 1763 and 1802. Mr. Clowes himself tells the more important part of the naval history of the war with France, while the minor operations are described by Mr. H. W. Wilson, and Sir Clements Markham furnishes capital chapters on naval voyages and discoveries. This work in its entirety will form an almost ideally complete and thorough treatment of its general subject, adapted for reference for historical study, and in parts attractive to the general reader.

**St. Paul, a Life of, for the Young.** By George Ludington Weed. (Illustrated.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 16mo. 239 pages. 50c.

This is a desirable and a serviceable book, and deserves strong commendation to parents and teachers. It is simple enough for a child of nine, and not too juvenile for a youth of twice that age. Numerous illustrations and several maps accompany the text, and a full table of contents adapts it for questioning by teachers.

**San Isidro.** By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 312 pages. $1.50.

The sunshine and warmth of the West Indian islands are in this romance. The scenes and incidents are intense, but it is that quality measured by the Northern temperament. The characters are the people who have known life on the ranches, remote from the march of events. The story is the record of man's unintentional cruelty and woman's trustfulness.

**School and Society, The.** By John Dewey. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 12mo. 126 pages. 75c.

A most valuable contribution to the discussion of the educational problems of the day, by an expert in pedagogics. It is an analysis of the culture reflex from manual training, as well as a carefully prepared statement, after years of study and observation, of the causes for the waste in education due to our present system, which separates the life in and out of school. This duality makes waste. The writer holds that the interest and activities of each must minister to the other, creating a unity that in itself gives strength to the mind, and is in

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the highest sense culture. The whole of life thus becomes an educational unit, instead of fractional activities. He contends for the unity of education from the kindergarten through the university: the whole an interchange between the individual and society. The closing chapter, entitled "Three Years of the University Elementary School," presents the latest achievements in the theory and practice of what may in truth be termed the "New Education." One must regret the gaudy and misleading cover of the book.

**Sir Roger De Coverley Papers.** Edited by Franklin T. Baker, A.M., and Richard Jones, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) 16mo. 217 pages. 40c.

**Sketch.** The Christmas Number, 1899. London, England.

**Sparks and Flames.** By Henry Wilson Stratton. W. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, New York. 12mo. 87 pages. $1.25.

**Sporting and Dramatic News.** (Illustrated.) "Holly Leaves." The Christmas Number. London, England.

**Squirrel Inn and The Merry Chanter, The.** By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (Shenandoah Edition, Vol. II.) See "The Late Mrs. Null" above. 8vo. 375 pages. $2.

**Successful Man, The.** By Benjamin Wood. (Illustrated.) Brentano's, New York. 8vo. 208 pages.

A clumsy attempt at doing what Dr. Mathews has so well done in his "Getting On in the World."

**Sweet Little Maid, A.** By Amy E. Blanchard. (Illustrated.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 215 pages. $1.

The heroines are a little white girl and a little black girl, two very intimate friends. It is a charming story for little girls, charmingly illustrated.

**Switzerland, Legends of.** By H. A. Guerber. (Illustrated.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 310 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Guerber has now had an extensive experience as an adapter or recounter of legends, myths, and folk-stories. In this volume he collects the popular tales, mainly legendary, which are associated with so many localities in Switzerland, and which furnish a kind of poetic background for Swiss history and Swiss life.

**Sword of Justice, The.** By Sheppard Stevens. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 275 pages. $1.25.

An unexcelled topic for a historical romance, and one little used heretofore, is the tragic episode of the destruction of the Huguenots in Florida by the Spaniards under Menendez, and the terrible vengeance taken by the French under De Gourgues. This theme is here treated in an interesting way and with some dramatic and imaginative power.

**Thackeray, William Makepeace, The Life of.** By Lewis Melville. (Illustrated.) Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 2 vols. $7.50.

**Under Three Flags in Cuba.** By George Clarke Musgrave. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 365 pages. $2.

The three flags are the Cuban, Spanish, and American. Mr. Musgrave's narration of the past few years in Cuba, during which he bore a singularly active part, is of moment, not only because he tells his story in notably graphic words, but also because his opinion is that of one whose experience in many lands has given him a great stock of comparative knowledge and judicial-mindedness. He declares that a tactful administration, sustained by Cuban officials elected by the people, will assuredly foster the desire of the Cubans to become an integral part of the United States. While it is true that the intelligent islander would prefer independence under an American protectorate, he realizes, Mr. Musgrave thinks, that ultimate annexation is inevitable.

**War with Spain, Lessons of the.** By Alfred T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 320 pages. $2.

To write about naval strategy is one thing; to make it in actual war is another. Captain Mahan is equipped with both kinds of experience. As a member of the Board of Strategy in the war with Spain, he not only had the most intimate knowledge of everything that was done and left undone, but also aided in forming the plans. Of his standing as the foremost living writer on the history of naval warfare it is needless to speak. The book follows the events of the war with illuminating comments on the reasons for doing and not doing things, with broad consideration of fundamental problems, with clear narrative and subtle distinction. Besides the reprinted articles which give the book its title, there are papers on "The Peace Conference and the Moral Aspect of War," "The Relations of the United States to the New Dependencies," "Distinguishing Qualities of Ships of War," and "Current Fallacies upon Naval Subjects."

**Was it Right to Forgive?** By Amelia E. Barr. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 293 pages. $1.50.

**Westminster Abbey, Historical Memorials of.** By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. (Illustrated Edition.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 2 vols. $6.

These three volumes may be regarded as Dean Stanley's most characteristic and delightful work. His strongest faculty was his historical imagination: the power to recall the past in its spirit as well as in its form; to suffuse it with atmosphere, and to make it live again. Stanley did this in his delightful work on the Jewish Church, but he did it pre-eminently in dealing with the two cathedrals with which he was connected. No buildings in England are richer in association than Canterbury and Westminster. Stanley knew them both at first hand, and loved them both. In these three volumes he has told the story of their history and their associations with a heartfelt skill, and with the felicity which was another of his characteristic gifts. This work, which has equal claims upon the student of history and theology and the lover of good English prose, is put in very handsome and substantial form in these three well-made volumes, with carefully selected and representative illustration.

**Wotan, Siegfried, and Brunnhilde.** By Anna Alice Chapin. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 133 pages. $1.25.

In this volume the author of "Wonder Tales from Wagner" and "The Story of the Rhinegold" further educates popular appreciation of German mythology, German music, and German poetry.

**Young Savage, A.** By Barbara Yechton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 311 pages. $1.50.

A good, strong, healthy story for girls.

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By a slip of the pen, in one of the articles of our Book Number (December 2 issue) we attributed Rhodes's "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850" to the wrong publisher. In point of fact, it was published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of this city.

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# Correspondence

### Theological Seminaries Again

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In a recent number of The Outlook you ask: "Who ever heard of a seminary refusing an applicant for admission or dropping a poor scholar?" Last year the Yale Theological Faculty dropped four men for poor scholarship—all Bachelors of Arts—one a graduate of Amherst and one of Yale College. There has hardly been a year for the past fourteen years in which we have not dropped men for poor scholarship. As to refusing admission, it would be well within the facts to say that we have refused from ten to twenty applicants each year because of defective preparation or ability. As Secretary of our Faculty I have headed off scores of men. I have estimated that while I was Secretary we declined just about as many applicants as we received.

GEORGE B. STEVENS.

Berlin, Germany.

### But is Not a Seat in the House a Place?

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In the course of an editorial in The Outlook for November 25, on page 703, on Mr. Representative-elect Roberts's letter of self-defense to the New York "Times," you say: "But he does not, from the beginning to the end of the letter, mention the one crucial fact that he has been convicted of crime under a statute of the United States, which declared that any one convicted under it should forever be ineligible to office," etc. You doubtless referred to the so-called Edmunds-Tucker Act of March 22, 1882, at which time Utah was a Territory. Now, that famous statute, in its provisions on the subject of polygamy, was much narrower in its application than your statement would make it appear. Its essential words are (Section 8): "No polygamist or bigamist shall be entitled to hold any office or place of public trust in, under, or for such Territory or place over which the United States has exclusive control, or under the United States." It does not, and could not have been made to, apply to States. That a member of Congress is not an officer, and hence his place or position not an office, was decided by the Senate of the United States in 1798—I think—in the celebrated case of Senator Bourne, of Tennessee, which decision has been followed in several cases involving the same questions arising in several States, and whose soundness Mr. Justice Brewer said had never been questioned. But even if Mr. Roberts were an officer, it is not of the United States, but of the State of Utah, and over the criminal law of the States Congress has no authority or power. If Mr. Roberts was convicted under the above-quoted statute while Utah was a Territory, he unquestionably was ineligible to *appointment* to the Governorship or any other Territorial *office*, and possibly also to election as a delegate to Congress; as it is, as he appears to have all the Constitutional qualifications, the House, having no *Constitutional* right to inquire further, must admit him to the seat to which he has been duly elected. After he has been seated, the House may, by a two-thirds vote, expel him for or without any reason whatsoever.

JOHN JAMESON.

Boston, Mass.

### The Over-Supply of Clergymen

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Much has been said of late at ecclesiastical conventions and in the press relative to an alleged "surplus" of ministers, especially in our Congregational communion. For this alleged "surplus" two institutions have been sharply criticised, viz., our Educational Society and our Theological Seminaries. The first for *aiding* too many men to study for the ministry; the second for *educating*, nominally, for the ministerial profession men obviously unfit for it by reason of their deficiency in natural endowments. Candidates for the Christian ministry, as a class, have been spoken of sneeringly and contemptuously because they are recipients of more or less financial aid during their long course of preparation.

College graduates who owe their own diplomas to the friendly aid of "scholarships" founded by self-denying and perhaps forgotten souls have been thoughtless enough to join in these malignant



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reflections. It would not be difficult to show that all graduates from our colleges and universities, the rich as well as the poor, are more or less "beneficiaries," some who never study theology at all being fully as much so as the avowed candidate for "Holy Orders." In proof of this, attention is called to the fact that "scholarships" in our colleges and universities, and State aid in our State universities, are not all expended on "candidates for the ministry;" hence they are by no means the only financial beneficiaries in the laudable struggle for higher education.

Our Educational Society has, undoubtedly, often erred by aiding unfit men to study for the ministry; but clearly all such errors should be charged to faulty administration. It has never been the intention of the Society to do anything of that kind. The Educational Society is the organized expression of much consecrated wisdom and benevolence which has not yet outlived its usefulness. The day has not yet arrived, and is not likely to do so very soon, when our churches can hope to enjoy the services of such men as they need for pastors without more or less previous outlay, in care and generosity, in their educational preparation.

It has been suggested that our theological schools hereafter admit only such applicants as are able to pay their way Such a policy as that would be sure to result in the exclusion of many a man intrusted with a divine message to his fellow-men as truly as Peter or Paul, and in the admission of many a man deficient in almost everything except cash.

Our theological schools are, no doubt, partly responsible for the present alleged glut in the ministerial market. It is very likely that they have been "racing" more or less, and, for the sake of apparent success, have accepted and graduated many unfit men. The alleged "surplus" of ministers cannot, however, be charged wholly to them. If it were practicable to call the roll of our Congregational ministers, it would soon be found that many of them entered our ranks, not from our theological schools, but from England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Sweden, Canada, and from other denominations in our own country, especially the Methodists.

The most serious charge that can fairly be brought against our theological schools is their number; we have *seven*—too many by half. If they could be judiciously consolidated into three—one for New England, one for the interior, and one for the Pacific coast—the true interests of the churches would be better served. Those in charge of them would then be able to take their pick, and would be in position to say "no" to many an applicant to whom they now say "yes" gladly because of small classes and strong competition.

As to the alleged ministerial "surplus," numerically viewed it does not exist, but practically viewed it is an undeniable fact. In other words, numerically considered our churches outnumber our available Congregational ministers, but practically considered more than one-half of our churches do not, and quite likely cannot, support pastors. Official reports, annually returned, make this point as clear as the noonday. The following figures, taken from the reports for the year 1897, show the total amount expended for self-support by the churches referred to during that year:

203 churches expended between $600 and $700.
334 churches expended between $500 and $600.
336 churches expended between $400 and $500.
312 churches expended between $300 and $400.
326 churches expended between $200 and $300.
379 churches expended between $100 and $200.
518 churches expended between $1 and $100.
708 churches expended less than $1, or nothing.

Do not these official figures account fully for the present alleged "surplus" of ministers? T. E. DAVIES.

New Haven, Conn.

### A Correction

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

I beg leave to correct a statement of mine in my recent brief article on Pacific Seminary. I said: "It is reported that Professor Mackenzie at Chicago has refused to sign the seminary creed, but he continues to teach undisturbed." I am now informed by Mr. E. W. Blatchford, long an officer of the Seminary, that "Professor Mackenzie signed the Declaration of Faith of the Chicago Theological Seminary." I renew, however, my statement that "there is no creed-bound Congregational professor." We respect the rights of our constituencies, I trust, and shall retire from our positions if we find ourselves out of harmony with

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them; but we do, and we shall, teach in perfect freedom, being bound only by the truth, as God in his grace gives us to see it.

FRANK HUGH FOSTER.

Oakland, Cal.

### Comity?

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

About a year ago the Congregational Home Missionary Society and the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society united in sending the Rev. Loyal L. Wirt to Alaska to begin work in the new towns that were rapidly opening there. He took hold of his work with great earnestness and with great success. He interested the people in Douglass and other points very deeply, so that they were disposed to contribute generously to the securing of a good house of worship in Douglass for regular Congregational services. The Congregational Church Building Society rendered generous aid—thus three societies gave their liberal support to this man's work.

One year has passed and a little more, and there are now four church organizations in that little town of Douglass—Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist—ours being beyond a question the first to be on the ground and make all the provision for all the Protestant work needed. The churches cry out vigorously against overchurching new towns. Their cries seem to be heard mainly in the offices of the societies doing the work. How would it do for them to turn their cries in thundertones into the ears of those who violate comity by entering such fields after they are fairly and generously taken possession of?

A FAIR QUESTION.

### "Home Industries and Domestic Manufactures" from the Standpoint of a Farmer's Wife

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

I read with some amusement, some interest, and a great deal of indignation, the article in a late number of The Outlook, "Home Industries and Domestic Manufactures." The writer bewails the fact that, as a nation, we have no "well-established domestic manufactures," and, looking about for a leisure class who are to go to work to supply this deficiency, she proposes that the wife and daughter of the less prosperous farmer shall go back to the times of our grandmothers, take up again the loom and spinning-wheel, as "during the winter months she has abundant leisure for a harvest of her own adapted to her education and circumstances." As a reason for this, she, the writer, quotes the oft-repeated assertion that insane asylums are filled with farmers' wives, owing to their living such monotonous and isolated lives. Did she verify this statement by reference to statistics, or did she speak merely from hearsay? I think in all probability the latter was the case, and we all know that hearsay is not evidence. I recollect hearing that very statement made more than thirty years ago. It may have been true then; I cannot believe it is true now.

The writer quotes also a "close observer" of farm life in the West as saying that the Western farmer's wife does her work like a "mere machine," irresponsible of final results. I may not be as competent to judge as the "close observer" referred to, as I am only one of those "irresponsible machines" myself, having been the wife of a Western farmer, not a rich or altogether successful one either, for nearly twenty years. All that time we have lived more than twenty miles from a town of any size, and eight miles from a railroad. I believe I am in a position to speak in defense of the very class so libeled in the article referred to—the Western farmer's wife. We will look first at the monotony of her life. She is, first and highest, wife and mother; she must bear and rear the "bone and sinew of the Nation." On her mostly depends the home, whether it shall be for husband and children the dearest and best spot on earth, or merely a place in which to eat and sleep. In addition to this she is housekeeper, cook, laundress, nurserymaid, dairymaid, plain seamstress, dressmaker, tailoress for the small boys always and often for the larger ones. She raises the poultry, often takes care of the garden, in time of sickness is nurse, in more isolated cases must acquire by experience at least enough knowledge of medicine to administer simple remedies for childish ailments. She must know enough of practical farming to see after her husband's business when he is ill or unavoidably detained away from home. Then, it is often the mother who helps the

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children with their lessons, and I know of cases where, when distant from a school, the mother has entirely educated her children, and has done it so well that in an examination for a teacher's certificate her children were no whit behind those educated in school. Does this look like a monotonous life, the life of a mere "irresponsible machine," where "cooking and house-cleaning follow each other in monotonous routine"?

As for taking up domestic manufactures as a source of income, I do not believe it is necessary. Of course I cannot speak for a "Navajo squaw" or a "Georgia cracker," but I do know that, as a general thing, the Western farmer's wife has her own spending-money. Except in extreme cases, she has the products of her dairy and poultry-yard to spend as she sees fit, and many a farmer's wife proudly displays a new set of china dishes or silverware bought with "my turkey money" or "my butter money;" and only this fall I heard of one farmer's wife who boasted of a new black silk dress bought with "my chicken money." I have in mind now several old-fashioned farmers, who believe in holding the household reins well in hand, who never think of asking what is done with the money obtained for poultry and butter; and I remember hearing one such farmer say to his wife, who was selling some hens to a newly settled neighbor, "If them was my hens, I wouldn't sell 'em for that." But she sold them. Then in this part of the country the wife nearly always goes with her husband or by herself to lay in the household supplies for the coming season. In my whole experience as a farmer's wife I have only known two farmers who did the "shopping" for the family, and they were not held in great respect in the neighborhoods where they dwelt. A few years ago my husband and myself took a trip in a buggy one hundred and fifty miles further west. He had just recovered from a severe illness, so we did not go prepared to "camp out," but stopped at night at any house that was convenient. Sometimes it was a little box house of two rooms, sometimes a dugout, sometimes the substantial farmhouse that has in most cases now superseded the "little sod shanty on the claim;" and in none of these did we find the "irresponsible machine" at the head of household affairs. Indeed, in most cases the intellectual life of the home centered in the wife and mother. In almost all the homes we visited were books and magazines in addition to the local papers and the farm journal, with its well-read Home Department. In no case did I hear any complaint of not having enough to do, but often, "I wish I had not so much to do; I am too tired even to read." In the time of the Populist excitement, the best argument I heard in favor of free silver was by a farmer's wife. I was visiting twenty miles from home and thirty miles from any town, and two neighbors rode up on horseback. There was politics in the air in those days, and while the menfolk were out we drifted into a political discussion, and in that little rag-carpeted room—parlor, bedroom, and sitting-room in one—I got a clearer idea of 16 to 1 than I had ever gotten before in all the papers I had read, and from one of those "irresponsible machines"—a Western farmer's wife.

We may not be, as the writers say, educated in art; some of us cannot tell the difference between a chromo and an oil painting; but what difference does that make? Looking from our kitchen door we can see a picture painted by Nature herself.

We do not know much about woman's clubs in this benighted region, but from all I hear of them, their members waste a great deal of sympathy on that "poor, forlorn creature" the farmer's wife. Not long ago, a club woman speaking before a farmers' institute told the farmers' wives that their lives were bounded "on the north by a wash-tub, on the east by a cook-stove, on the south by a sewing-machine, and on the west by a cradle." This may be so, but even then there is room for the semi-cardinal points of wifehood, motherhood, home, and happiness; and in this age of the diffusion of the best literature, the farmer's wife, when she finds time, has the same opportunity as others; and, as far as my observation goes, the wife of the American farmer, be he Eastern or be he Western, will compare favorably in general intelligence with the wives of any other class of men. She ought to feel grateful for the interest and sympathy so often expressed for her by club women and lady journalists, who only know her through the "statistics of

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insane asylums" and the reports of "close observers" of farm homes; but she cannot understand why she should be singled out to be thus insultingly pitied. The farmer did not compel her to become his wife; he did not win her with bow and spear, as in savage times; he did not even run away with her on the more modern mower or harvester; she became a farmer's wife of her own free will, walked with her eyes wide open into the sphere that is to send her to the insane asylum or make of her an "irresponsible machine." The majority of farmers' wives come from farm homes and know what to expect, know from experience that a life of ease and luxury is not to be found in the farmer's home. In conclusion, let me say that we, as farmers' wives, have not the slightest objection to the establishment of "home industries and domestic manufactures" by any class of women who have time for them; but when the attempt is made to put them into our already overburdened hands, we most emphatically object. The spinning-wheel and the loom are for us things of the past.

> New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth,

is as true for the farmer's wife as for the rest of the world. What we need is not more work to do, but more time in which to do the work we have to do; we look forward to the time when, by the aid of labor-saving machinery in the house as well as on the farm, we will be able so to systematize our work that we may have time to keep step intellectually in the world's grand march of improvement with others of our sex.

ELEANOR K. HOWELL.

Coats, Kan.

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### The Abbot Scholarship

In these days of modern education for women, when colleges and schools of the first class are provided for them, and when, indeed, the great universities for men are beginning to open their doors to women students, it is not easy to realize how comparatively recent in this country the movement for the higher education of women really is. Among pioneers in this field were the four Abbot brothers, Jacob, John S. C., Gorham D., and Charles, who, a little more than fifty years ago, came to New York from New England and established what in that day was a model seminary for young ladies. The Rev. Gorham D. Abbot later founded the well-known Spingler Institute in this city, and entered into the work of woman's education with enthusiasm and thoroughness. He went abroad, and studied, both in England and in Germany, the European systems of education, and intended to develop the Spingler Institute into a college for girls which should be the peer of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton in their respective fields. He went so far as to have careful plans made, both as to scope of study and as to building and apparatus, for a woman's college; but the Civil War, and consequent business reverses, prevented him from carrying out his scheme. Mr. Abbot was a friend of Mr. Matthew Vassar, the founder of Vassar College, and it is said, by those who know, that, in laying out the lines upon which Vassar should be established, Mr. Vassar consulted Mr. Abbot frequently, and received from him models and sketches that had been elaborated with great precision and care during a period of twenty years or more—a gift which Mr. Vassar considered of great value. An association of Mr. Abbot's old pupils has now been formed to commemorate the semi-centennial of Spingler Institute by the gift of a new scholarship to Vassar College, to be used by needy and deserving students in completing a college course. This scholarship is to be called the Gorham D. and Rebecca S. Abbot Scholarship. It will require the sum of eight thousand dollars to complete the endowment fund, and the amount thus far contributed is three thousand eight hundred and forty-eight dollars. It is appropriate that this memorial should take the form of a scholarship in Vassar College, in the establishment of which Mr. Abbot was so deeply interested, and it is also appropriate that so earnest and faithful a pioneer in the work of woman's education should be remembered in this way. The Chairman of the Abbot Memorial Committee, which numbers many influential names, is Mrs. Moses Hopkins, No. 1 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York City. Mrs. George P. Rowell, The Buckingham, New York, is Treasurer, and Miss Gertrude McNamee, 206 West Eighty-fifth Street, New York, is Secretary.

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# Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Christ gave expression to the command, "Resist not evil," etc. In obedience to the principle thus enunciated, he permitted Judas to betray him. In the hall of Pilate, while all about him were bitter lies, persecutions, and revilings, he did not make a single effort to check the rising storm. On certain occasions in his life, however, he did resist evil. He denounced the hypocrisy of the Pharisees with the most scathing epithets to be found in literature. With a whip of cords he drove the money changers from the sanctuary. By a single look of his eye he threw the Roman soldiers to the ground. Looking at his entire life, is it possible to explain these incidents in such a manner that they seem to be harmonious? What fundamental principle can be drawn from his teachings by which to determine the attitude we should assume towards evil to-day?

E. P. G.

When Jesus resisted evil, it was evil done not to himself but to others, to the sacred interests and rights of many. His precept of non-resistance must be understood as applicable only to cases in which self-interest alone is concerned. As our brother's keeper, we are bound not to permit our brother's assailant to work his evil will. The precept of non-resistance, as followed by the Church ancient and modern in times of persecution, seems to have been understood by them as given for such times, which were imminent when Jesus spoke. But as to the falling down of the soldiers before Jesus, it was not designed on his part, but the natural result of their panic when unexpectedly accosted in the dark by one whom they knew by report as possessing supernatural powers.

1. What "one man" was meant by Paul when he wrote, "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin," and "by one man's offense death reigned by one," Romans v.? If the story of Adam was not a fact, how could the above ideas, as quoted from the Apostle, be truly said to have been inspired by Infinity? 2. In what respect does the inspiration contained in 1 Corinthians xiii. differ from the address of Portia to the Jew Shylock, commencing "The quality of mercy is not strained," etc.?

E. R. T.

1. The reference is to Adam, and introduces, but only for illustration, a doctrine of Jewish theologians in the time of Christ, erroneous in several particulars. Of course, error is not a product of divine inspiration. But inspiration, which takes effect upon the moral faculties, as in the writers of the Bible, is entirely consistent with liability to intellectual mistakes. 2. Paul's thought takes a wider and higher range than Portia's, but is of the same kind, and the animating spirit, or inspiration, of each is the same, and in each case is from God.

Do you deny altogether the supernatural in the narratives and recorded miracles of the Old Testament Scriptures? How do you account for the signs given to Moses when he was to appear before Pharaoh, for the raising to life of a child by both Elijah and Elisha, and for the death of Elijah? Are these stories all fiction?

A PERPLEXED READER.

We certainly do not deny the supernatural either in the past or the present. The fact that events are recorded in the Old Testament which are of a surprising character and afford extraordinary evidences of divine intervention does not afford a reason for believing that they are fiction. Whether an event is to be regarded as fiction, or history, or fiction founded on history, depends upon the nature of the narrative, the indications as to its authorship, and the like. The resurrection of Jesus Christ, which is perhaps one of the most extraordinary miracles recorded in the New Testament, we have repeatedly affirmed to be, in our judgment, one of the best-substantiated facts in ancient history. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is evidenced by the present geological conditions of the country. On the other hand, the Samson stories, the stories respecting Daniel, and some of the Elijah stories have in them the marks of folk-lore and are probably fiction founded on fact. The fundamental principle is that the value of these stories does not depend upon their historical accuracy, but upon the principle which they illustrate.

1. On what authority is Jesus Christ, humanly speaking, of the seed of David? Is it because the Virgin was related to Zacharias of the "course of Abia"? Why is such stress laid on the genealogy of our Lord, when this genealogy only proves the descent of his foster-father, Joseph? 2. Does the full, final reception into the Order of St. Christopher (described in The Outlook of November 25) imply life vows, as in the Roman Catholic Orders?

M. E.

1. The Davidic descent of Jesus was not a matter on which he laid stress, but seems to have risen into importance in later controversy with the Jews. The genealogies are those of Joseph, Matthew's giving the throne line, and Luke's the blood line. There does not seem to have been at that time the sense of incongruity, which exists now, in tracing a pedigree through a merely putative father, as in Luke iii., 23. 2. There may be a life connection; there need not be a life vow.

Please explain Genesis ii., 17. It is written, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," yet Adam had children born to him after the transgression, and lived to the age of 930 years. What shall we understand to be implied in the death, and in "this day"—the fact of death relative to its time?

J. C. S.

Falsified physically, it was verified spiritually; moral death set in immediately; the death of love and trust and inward peace began at once. Sin being a fact in the spiritual nature, the death which is its consequence must be of that nature also.

Kindly give a list of books to consult in studying this topic, "The Effect of the Prophets on Hebrew Education."

C. H.

There are no such books. The prophets had no such influence that can be traced. Education in their time was a household affair. After their time the scribes and rabbis promoted a scholastic sort of education for mature pupils, in the interpretation of the Law, and in the traditions superimposed upon it. The so-called schools of the prophets were merely fraternities.

Can any of your readers tell me if the lives of the great French preachers, Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Lacordaire, have been written? If so, are they available in English?

M.

There is an English translation of the life of Bossuet; also a biographical sketch of Massillon, prefixed to a two-volume edition of his sermons.

Kindly give me the name of one or more books that will give a concise history of the Codex of the whole Bible, from a modern, but not too extreme, standpoint.

DEACONESS.

See Bennett's "Primer of the Bible" (Holt, New York, $1.25); Vincent's "History of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament" (Macmillan, 75 cents).

Who wrote "Ecce Homo"? To what denomination did author belong?

L.

Professor Sir John R. Seeley, of Oxford, a member of the Church of England.



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# FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

### The Hare's Christmas Tree

By Francis Sterne Palmer

To those that live in the Balsam Swamp
The white hare sent with fitting pomp,
Bidding each to turn aside
And be his guest at Christmastide.
"Of course no one will scratch or bite,"
Writes the gentle hare in phrase polite,
"Because, you see, a Christmas tree
Is a thing of love and jollity."

With gift and candle the tree is dressed;
Those invited have come in their best;
The squirrel chatters, the chick-dee sings,
With call and song the forest rings;
And their host, the hare, to help the fun,
Has chosen gifts to suit each one—
A nightcap warm for sleepy bear,
A pepper-box red squirrel's share,
A dunce's cap for pompous owl;
The sly old fox has a good monk's cowl.

Careless and gay the laugh goes round;
This hour no gun or savage hound
Shall make the forest creatures grieve—
The wood's at peace on Christmas Eve!

### In the Service of Christmas

By Mary Allaire

It was a warm day in September—warm outside the woods, but cool and delightful in their shade. Nowhere did the birds sing so gayly, nor the bees hum in such soft, sweet harmony. No matter how still the air was beyond the woods, there was always a soft, gentle breeze blowing in their shade. The new moon was just coming over the hill; not even the whole crescent could be seen. Of course the woods were dark. In their further depths there were gleams of light that made you think of fireflies. These lights centered about a beautiful boulder in the very depths of the woods covered with softest moss. More and more brilliant grew the light about the boulder. It was well it was in the very depths of the wood, or the humans would have certainly seen it.

There was the soft rustle in the pine needles that makes one think of distant music. The flittering of lights was to be seen all through the woods, all centering toward the boulder. As the moon rose higher above the hilltop, it grew more and more brilliant where the boulder stood. And now the strangest thing happened. Every gleam of light was a tiny little creature, with the most beautiful wings; jewels gleamed in their hair, which was like milkweed silk. Their dresses, with cloaks floating out like another pair of wings, were spangled. Oh! how beautiful they were! Where were all these beautiful creatures from, and why were they here?

The sound of music soft and sweet came through the wood-road that led up the mountain, so long unused that moss covered it like carpet. Here was the strangest, most beautiful sight. Father Time, bearing his silver scythe, came down the road toward the boulder, attended by the Months of the year, each followed by its Hours. This procession was a glory of color and light, the stately figure of Father Time leading, his long hair streaming in the wind.

December, January, and February were in gleaming, glistening white, their hair icicles that shone like jewels. March was in black and white, with the icicles turning to water that dropped shining jewels on her dress. April and May were in the softest green, with fringes of yellow. June looked like the tiniest apple-blossom, all pink and white. July wore the red of the strawberry dotted over with topaz. August wore a soft velvet gown of pink that made you think of a peach; while the yellow and red satin of September, with the fringe of green, was suggestive of nothing but an apple orchard. The dress of October was so glorious as to make description impossible. The reds, the yellows, the russets, were all of the brightest, and she danced along the way full of the spirit of an October breeze. November was no larger, but more stately. Her gown was of gray, with just a touch of color, as if she had brushed against October and taken off touches of her brilliant



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reds and yellows on the folds of her sober gown.

The Hours were a host, as you may readily believe—some in blue gowns with all the radiance of the brightest sunshine, some with the soft shining of starlight on dresses of gauze more gray than blue, while others were dressed in black, with touches of silver under the folds, showing only when they moved.

It was beautiful, this procession of stately Father Time and his numerous attendants, all dancing, floating, flitting through the dark avenue of trees.

As Father Time approached the boulder, the little elves assembled there began playing on their guitars, mandolins, zithers, so small you could not hold them. As Father Time came near the trunk of the tree which was his throne, they began, in voices like silver bells, to sing:

Dear Father Time, our dearest friend,
Who makes the months and days to blend
In one glad year of song;
Come, to our Christmas plans give ear,
When to each heart we must bring cheer,
Untying every thong.

This they sang over and over until Father Time and his attendants were seated on the mound opposite the boulder.

Then Father Time drew the rifle along the scythe, drawing out a low, sweet note that seemed to roll through the trees.

The Months and Hours rose with a gentle rustle, and, led by Father Time, sang softly:

Dear friends of all the years untold,
Each heart a loving fountain,
We pledge our service to thy reign,
And strength and skill with joy we bring
To make the earth with gladness sing
The joyful Christmas greetings.

There was silence for a time. Each listened intently. Far over the field was a murmuring like the rustling of leaves in a summer shower. As it came nearer it voiced the Christmas song of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men."

In the woods every face was shining. There was a soft prelude, and then, led by Father Time, all sang together:

Glad Christmas-time, the day of peace,
For all the nations west and east;
Make glad the children at the feast
Of Christ, their Elder Brother.

The sound died away in the tree-tops, and then in front of Father Time a little Elf stood forth and told him of a plan that had grown in her head for many days.

Father Time looked very happy when the Elf stopped talking, and, turning to May, he said, "Thou art a loving one, and will well serve in this mission. Take thy family for this service." Then the Hours of May followed May and the Elf until they disappeared into the darkness. Another Elf stood out, and asked the aid of Father Time. He listened. His face was shining as he answered: "June, July, and August will go with you and your friends to take their part in your service to the children."

The Elves, the Months, and their Hours floated off toward the lake, and the sound as they moved joyfully was of laughter. Again an Elf and her friends came forward, and again Father Time rejoiced as he called to September, October, and November, with their Hours, to attend the Elves. They floated over the meadow, and people passing in a carriage said, "Why, look at the fireflies!" but they did not hear the laughter that rippled over the meadow; they thought it was the wind blowing over the drying grass.

A whole troop of Elves came forward, and Father Time laughed as he listened to their plans. "Why, yes," he commented, "certainly. The right helpers are here. Come, December, January, and February, come with your helpers; the services are many for you to give." And slowly they rose with the Elves through the tree-tops.

March and April looked lonely. "Was there nothing for them to do?"

A lonely Elf and two fairies sat on the mound. "We could not think," they said.

Father Time whispered low, and in a minute the two Months and the Elves, with attendant Hours, were hurrying over the road with Father Time.

It was the glad Christmas-time everywhere. There was no tenement-house home too high or too poor for the Elves to reach it; no house too small in the country for them not to find it. All the Months and the Hours had kept their promises, and had worked faithfully to do the work of the Elves.

In all the churches, where the Christmas greens were hanging and the Christmas trees standing tall and straight, Elves and Hours were hidden; and when the organs burst forth in the glad Christmas

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songs, the Elves joined in; but their music was so soft and gentle that no one heard it apart from that of the organ; and yet, here and there, where there were some sad people, they heard a new note in the Christmas song full of tender gentleness that they had never heard before.

Away in the farm-houses on the side of the snowcapped hills grandmothers were unwrapping bundles and boxes and carefully removing cotton pyramids. When the boxes were uncovered they held lovely warm dresses and beautiful big books, such as grandmothers love, with great black letters on every page, easy for grandmothers' eyes to see. And when the cotton wrappings were taken off of the pyramids there were flowers such as grandmothers love to keep in sunny windows. And down in city homes were dancing, prancing, noisy, loving grandchildren, all trying at once to take the nails out of the boxes which had come from grandma's. And when the boxes were uncovered, there were rosy-cheeked apples and warm mittens and nuts, and away down at the bottom in a corner, another box, from which the gingerbread men walked out, and a fruit-cake which made the dear big papas and mammas remember the days when they were little and helped mothers seed raisins.

And there were Elves helping a big, tall man and a little boy to the top of the tenement-house, guiding them so that their feet did not stumble on the dark stairs. There were a boy and his mother glad and happy over the little Christmas gift each had given the other, and the Elves were smiling as they hid in the wrappings. And when the big man knocked at the door, and the little boy he held by the hand tripped in and laid a pair of skates on the table before the little boy in the room, you could almost hear the Elves laugh.

And then, when a lady and another little boy went in to th· first floor front in the rear building tugging a red sled, I don't wonder that the little boy there and his mother thought they never heard such a sweet sound as the bell on the red sled made, when all the time it was the Elf on the clapper of the little bell tied on the red sled, laughing. And when the red sled and the pair of skates first met on the street, they found that some Months and their Hours had been busy making ice and snow, making two boys happy.

And when the little folks in the hospital opened their eyes that Christmas morning, and saw the great tall pine-tree lighted, and all the bags of candy, and the dolls with their pretty dresses, and the boxes of blocks, all for them, I am sure they almost saw the Elves hidden in the tree, those loving Elves who had come down from the woods where the first meeting had been held and all these Christmas plans had been made.

Rich and poor, sick and well, all had their Christmas Day, and each one, without knowing it, held in his hands when he held his gift the work of the Months and Hours, the fulfillment of the promise Father Time made to the Elves that warm September evening long before.

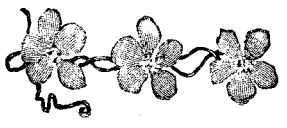
That Christmas night, hidden in the flame of every candle, in the note of every song, in the heart of every giver, watching over every sleeping baby, the gayest in every game, was an Elf in service with the Hours to make the Christmas happy, and to carry everywhere the message of good will to men.

In the woods, the last night of the year, Father Time, the Hours, and the Elves were gathered. High in the tree-tops was the sound of the wind like the tones of a mighty organ, and with this music came the songs of the people everywhere ringing out in the midnight air:

The Christmas day has come to stay
Through all the glad New Year,
While Want and Fear, the foes most drear,
Are hidden far away.

For Loving Thoughts and Father Time,
The Months, the Hours, and we,
Are joined a band in every land
To make each Christmas day

The golden lock of every heart
That shuts the Christ child in—
A home where he to manhood grows,
God's Christmas gift to men.



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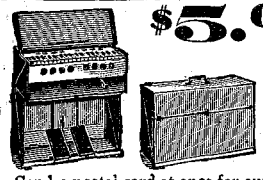

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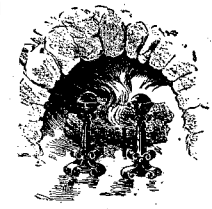

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